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A Partial List of Contents

| | |
|--|---|
| The Annunciation | Why Repentance Is Necessary |
| The Birth of Christ | Proper Use of Wealth |
| The Flight into Egypt | Jesus Washes His Disciples' Feet |
| The Slaughter of the Innocent Children | Institution of the Eucharist |
| The Baptism of Christ | Agony and Bloody Sweat at Gethsemani |
| The Marriage at Cana | The Trial of Christ |
| Our Lord Drives the Money Changers From the Temple | Jesus is Scourged and Crowned With Thorns |
| First Signs of Hostility toward Christ | The Crucifixion |
| The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes | Christ Arises From the Dead |
| Jesus Walks on the Waters | He Reappears to the Apostles |
| He Blesses the Children | The Ascension |
| The Good Samaritan | |

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Letters

EDITORIAL

Father Gorman's "Threat of War" (March) contains a message, which, I hope, will illuminate the consciences of world leaders and move them to desert the code of cynicism with which they now seem to be afflicted. The UN cannot survive if a double standard of justice rules it. If the only thing uniting nations is the cruel cynicism of expediency, it is better not to be united. The UN must realize this; and Father Gorman's editorial prods it into doing something about it; something more than passing pious resolutions against the Beasts of Budapest. We do not hesitate to quarantine individuals who are a threat to society; and neither should the UN hesitate about removing from its midst that group of gangster nations dedicated to the collapse of Christian civilization. Whether we like it or not, whether we realize it or not, we are living in a climate of totality; which means total victory or total defeat. We know the enemy, but we will not even contemplate meeting him, lest we be called warmongers. The hour is getting late; so late that even our will to live as free men is being choked with fear. No nation can run from the enemy today. There is no place to hide!

HARRY M. LAYDEN

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Thank God that there are a few editors who are not afraid to speak out the truth in their writings about the world crisis. I am writing in regard to your two articles about the Middle East. Please believe me, the price of a subscription for *THE SIGN* will be long forgotten as compared to the truth published in its editorials.

To speak the truth as Father Gorman has done deserves the highest approval of a public that understands conditions in the Middle East and its vital problems for world peace. . . .

CARL FREIJE

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

SOUR GRAPES?

We read with interest your article on the Olympic Games, "The Winds From Mount Olympus" in the January issue, but do we detect some "sour grapes?"

We thoroughly enjoyed, however, your article on Australia a few issues back; it was very true.

Your magazine is taken by my husband to his office, the Land Titles Branch, Registrar General's Department, Sydney, where it is read by all his Catholic mates, and many of the non-Catholic ones are also interested in it and ask him to lend it to them.

THE SIGN is a great Catholic magazine and we do look forward each month to it. We wish there were papers of the same type published over here.

MRS. D. M. CLIMPS

CLOVELLY, N.S.W., AUSTRALIA.

CANDLE FOR MOTHER

I enjoyed "A Candle For My Mother" (February) as I too am a convert. . . .

I like your magazine and look forward to it each month.

BENJAMIN N. JOHNSON, JR.

BRADFORD, N. H.

MSGR. RYAN

This is only a few words to tell you that my subscribing to your magazine was not simply an empty gesture.

Every time it shows up we read it from cover to cover and like it very much.

Ge! That article by Paul Healy on "Spiritual Commander-in-Chief" (March) on the career of Monsignor Ryan—that is something!

EDWARD J. HUBBARD

LEWISTON, MAINE.

By interpolation and reading between the lines, I gather that Father Ryan is an outstanding priest.

Mr. Healy, I believe, does him an injustice when he attributes qualities that would be more acceptable in a combat commander. By starting out with "young lieutenant" and continuing on through "spit 'n polish guy," "best looking officer on post," etc., I get an impression that is alien to my recollection of chaplains. . . .

In the Navy we had chaplains who were loved by all, Catholic, Protestant, and Jew. Who, among the old-timers, would remember what rank Father Gleason or Father Brady *et al.* held? They had no difficulty in maintaining respect and proper relationship.

The term "Father" was meaningful and incorporated all of the qualities that men looked for in their spiritual leadership.

C. J. NESBITT

SILVER SPRING, MD.

In the article "Spiritual Commander-in-Chief," it was stated that the Third Division invaded French Morocco in the first amphibious attack of World War II. It seems to me that this might possibly be in error, as the U. S. Marines invaded Guadalcanal in August, 1942.

FRANCIS D. RINER

LANCASTER, PA.

(Continued on page 77)

MAY

1957



VOL. 36 No. 10

The Sign®

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

EDITOR

Rev. Ralph Gorman, C.P.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Rev. Gerard Rooney, C.P.
Rev. Jeremiah Kennedy, C.P.
Dennis Howard

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| John C. O'Brien | Washington |
| Jerry Cotter | Drama |
| Red Smith | Sports |
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**ARTICLES****THE AMERICAN SCENE**

| | | |
|---|----------------------|----|
| NEW YORK'S NO. 1 FIREMAN | Harry Schlegel | 20 |
| EAST MEETS WEST IN THE SOUTH | A Sign Picture Story | 28 |
| WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO OUR SCHOOLS? | John C. O'Brien | 30 |

THE WORLD SCENE

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------|----|
| THE PIONEERS OF BACALAR | Bob Senser | 16 |
| FRENCH GIRLS | A Survey | 23 |
| SOUTH AMERICAN FAMILY | A Sign Picture Story | 47 |

VARIOUS

| | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|----|
| MISSION TO THE WORKER | James O'Gara | 9 |
| THE MYSTERY OF CALVARY | Gerard Rooney, C.P. | 33 |
| BODY AND SOUL | Milton Lomask | 55 |

SHORT STORIES

| | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|----|
| SISTER PHILOMENA | Giovanni Guareschi | 12 |
| IN SHORT MEASURE | Ethel Wentworth Hodsdon | 40 |

EDITORIALS

| | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------|---|
| LABOR'S GREATEST ENEMY | Ralph Gorman, C.P. | 4 |
| CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT | | 5 |

ENTERTAINMENT

| | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------|----|
| STAGE AND SCREEN | Jerry Cotter | 35 |
| RADIO AND TELEVISION | John Lester | 52 |

FEATURES

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|----|
| LETTERS | | 2 |
| MR. FITZ | Red Smith | 38 |
| HERMIT THRUSH—Poem | D. B. Steinman | 43 |
| WOMAN TO WOMAN | Katherine Burton | 46 |
| SIGN POST | Aloysius McDonough, C.P. | 59 |
| PEOPLE | | 62 |
| PURGATORY—PAIN OF DELAY | Kilian McDonnell, O.S.B. | 64 |
| BOOKS | | 65 |

COVER PHOTO BY EDOUARD BOUBET: Marie-Jose makes act of consecration to Our Lady. (See Page 23)

Labor's Greatest Enemy

If we were asked to name the greatest enemy of organized labor in our generation, our nominee would not be Sewell Avery nor Westbrook Pegler nor any of the antiunionists who are now coming out into the light of day seeking to wound or kill organized labor. Our nominee would be Dave Beck. Beck has done more to harm the labor movement in America than any other man of our time.

It may well be that Beck had a legal right to take refuge in the Fifth Amendment, but in our opinion he had no moral right to do it without resigning his labor posts. If he is innocent, as he claims to be, he could have answered every question without fear of self-incrimination. If he is guilty, he should have gotten out of the labor movement before he took refuge in the Fifth Amendment, the back-door-out for Communists and criminals.

Beck knows what it is all about. He was quite vocal on the subject of the Fifth Amendment as a member of the Board of Regents of the University of Washington. When six professors refused to answer questions about Communism, Beck screamed: "I have no time for that group of individuals who hide behind every technicality . . . to hide their subversive thinking." Beck may find that the U. S. Government has no time for labor leaders who hide behind technicalities to hide their devious transactions in enriching themselves from a union treasury.

Dave Beck is no small-fry organizer or head of a local. He is President of the International Teamsters Union, the largest and most powerful in the AFL-CIO. He isn't accused of petty pilfering or of padding an expense account. He is accused of a sleight-of-hand by which over \$300,000 of union funds were transferred from the union treasury to his own use.

The Beck affair points up the need for the decent elements in organized labor to continue forcefully the clean-up they have already inaugurated. (One aspect of this is discussed in "Current Fact and Comment" this month.) At present, the Executive Council of the AFL-CIO has power to suspend or expel a union but no power to discipline officers of its affiliated unions. It seems to us that it should have this power. Otherwise the only effective action it can take is to penalize the mem-

bership of a union in order to strike at its guilty officers.

There is a danger that the indignation of the American people at the revelations of the Senate investigating committee may goad the Congress into passing stupid and unjust legislation doing away with the union shop. This would be a calamity. It would inaugurate a period of labor-management warfare that would disturb the peace and economy of the country for a generation to come.

We should remember that the crooks are not limited to the labor movement. If you think American business has always been lily-white, read the story of the great American fortunes, read the record of the Senate Banking Committee's investigation of 1933, study the history of the early years of the railroad, steel, and petroleum industries, refresh your memory on the case of Samuel Insull and of the Teapot Dome scandal, read the records of the Federal Trade Commission and of the Securities and Exchange Commission. And don't think that it's all cleaned up now. It isn't. It's a continuing operation. For every abuse in organized labor you will find a counterpart in business.

ONE crime doesn't justify another; nor do the crimes of individual labor leaders or businessmen justify elimination of a free labor movement or of the free enterprise system.

Some legislation regulating unions will undoubtedly result from the Senate investigation. It should not be of a kind to cripple the labor movement. While the public is keeping an eye on evil labor leaders, it should keep another on the enemies of labor who are now prowling around ready for the kill.

In the meantime, the best thing that could happen for organized labor would be for the rank-and-file of the Teamsters Union to rise in their wrath and throw out their evil leaders in the election that will take place in September.

Frather Ralph Gorman, C.P.

CURRENT



FACT AND COMMENT

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

There is a law in economics generally known as Gresham's Law. It is usually expressed in the phrase: "bad money drives out good." People hoard good money and try to spend the inferior variety. We sometimes suspect that there is a Gresham's Law in relation to news. Bad news drives out the good. Millions of Americans

Good News From the Union

know the lurid details of Teamster mismanagement. But how many know of the revolutionary proposal adopted last month by the United Automobile Workers in the effort to safeguard union democracy?

The UAW, in its April, 1957, convention, came up with a bold new proposal for a Public Review Board which will have unlimited authority to safeguard democratic procedures in the union. It can act as a court of appeals for any member or group that considers itself wronged. It can also initiate its own reviews of union procedures.

The dramatic importance of this measure is fully appreciated when we reflect on the processes whereby serious abuses arise in a labor union. Racketeering, autocracy, and Communist control of unions have one important common source. They can flourish only when democratic control by rank-and-file members has broken down.

Such breakdowns can and do occur. They are usually started by apathy on the part of union members. Many are content to leave all decisions to the officers, provided only

that these officers obtain good wages and working conditions for them. What begins as a thoughtless abdication of power often develops into constitutional changes which make the evils permanent.

The most important of these changes involve enhancement of the power of officers to discipline members or even entire locals. Rebels can be expelled. Local unions can lose their autonomy and be put under a trustee appointed by top officials. The next step is to capture the machinery for electing officials, so that the officers can perpetuate themselves in power. Then union funds are raided, "deals" are made with employers, and autocracy becomes entrenched.

The average union member, or any small group of them, is helpless at this stage. Union appeals machinery is controlled by those whose abuses are being fought. The victims lack the funds for appeals to the courts, even if the latter were not reluctant to intervene in the "internal affairs of a voluntary organization."

The UAW procedure prevents this by striking at its very roots. Any aggrieved member or group can by-pass the top appeals procedure of the union and refer a case to this board of distinguished citizens. Their decision will be final and binding on this giant union. It is a tribute to President Walter Reuther and the United Auto-

UAW Revolutionizes Union Government



Teamster Union President Dave Beck was a picture of varied moods—belligerent, humorous, and just plain worried—as he appeared before Senate Committee. He may have been within his legal rights in refusing to answer questions, but his anything but candid approach is a blot on the labor movement

United Press

mobile Workers that they undertook this pioneering venture (for a large union) in democracy. But the good effects of this move will not be confined to the UAW. Other unions will be put on their mettle to adopt similar measures or to explain why. Labor and the entire nation will benefit from the trend that this is bound to initiate.

Few organizations of this size have ever surrendered power in such a dramatic fashion. The closest parallel is the "czar" system used by big-league baseball after the 1919 scandals. We hope that those who willingly condemn abuses in organized labor will be equally ready to offer commendation in this case.

The current Senate investigations into irregularities in Labor Unions will serve to intensify the national debate over the merits of so-called right-to-work legislation. The very expres-

Right-To-Work Legislation

sion "right-to-work laws" evokes conflicting sentiments from different groups. Generally speaking, it has become a battle cry for economic freedom for Management. For Labor, it is a sinister slogan craftily concealing the threat of economic enslavement. Nationwide forces have lined up in the argument, with show-down battles being fought in the State legislatures. The opposition to these laws is led by the powerful AFL-CIO combine. In the forefront of the defense stand the National Association of Manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Farm Bureau Association, the Southern States Industrial Council, and the National Right-to-Work Committee.

The controversy centers over the union security clauses known chiefly as "the closed shop" and "the union shop." In the closed-shop contract workers must belong to the union before they are hired. In the union-shop contract they need not belong to the union to get their job but must become members within a month or two after being hired, at least to the extent of paying the initiation fee, dues, and assessments. An article in the May issue of *The Catholic World* carries a digest of the pros and cons offered by both sides in their many publications.

The current conflict is not new but it was given fresh impetus by the Labor-Management Relations Act of 1947. This Act outlawed closed shop for interstate areas. At the same

Taft-Hartley Opened the Way

time it legalized union shop provisions. By 1955, there were 12,000,000 Americans working under maintenance of membership and union shop contracts. But Taft-Hartley left an opening in the famous section 14b for individual states to make more restrictive legislation in the matter of union security clauses. That invited the present rush of Management to lobby in many states for the so-called right-to-work legislation.

To date, nearly every state in the union has attempted to pass such legislation. Delaware, Louisiana, Maine, and New Hampshire actually passed it and then soon revoked it. Eighteen states still retain it. With the notable exception of Indiana, practically all these states are agrarian, nonindustrialized. Except for the Dakotas, Indiana, Nebraska, and Nevada they are all Southern states. In these agrarian states, unions are weaker and workers less organized than in the industrial states.

Senate investigations into union irregularities will surely see increased efforts to pass such legislation in more State Legislatures and even write it into Federal legislation. To make it a matter of Federal Law would be a tragic mistake, an unwarranted usurpation of power. To write it into State



Wide World

Vice President Carlos P. Garcia has succeeded to the presidency of the Philippines following the death of Ramon Magsaysay. Magsaysay was the great hope of a free Asia. He left a man-sized pair of boots to fill. We hope Garcia is big enough to fill them



United Press

Koinonia Farm in Americus, Georgia, has been scene of several bombings by hate-filled people who resent the experiment in integrated living that has been going on there. The fraternal charity evident at Koinonia is a rebuke to the race haters

legislation, unless it is evident that respectable unions are lacking, would be to foster class warfare and hamper industrial peace.

It is conceivable that in some situations union shop provisions notably harm the workers' rights. In Hawaii, where the iron hand of Harry Bridges poisons the trade union movement with deeply infiltrated subversion, workers would be better off at present with open shop arrangements. Yet, closed and union shop arrangements have been satisfactorily used by workers for over a thousand years in English-speaking countries. In America, when given an opportunity to express their preference, the workers have voted almost unanimously in favor of union shop contracts. When such union security clauses are accompanied by proper safeguards against the rise of "closed unions" under despotic control, then we are convinced that such arrangements should be left to be decided in the traditional American way: freedom of contract between Labor and Management at the bargaining table.

It will interest American Catholics to know that many priests and bishops have become increasingly vocal about the morality of such legislation. They are concerned with the matter of social justice. While a few priests have expressed themselves

Clergy Oppose Right-to-Work Laws

nationally in favor of right-to-work laws, as for example Father Edward Keller, C.S.C., Father Ferdinand Falque, and Father John Coogan, S.J., yet the fact remains that the vast majority of those expressing opinions have vigorously opposed the passage of these laws. There are over a score of bishops and monsignori and hundreds of priests who have taken a positive stand against them. Some indeed, as Father John F. Cronin, S.S., and Monsignor George G. Higgins, have styled them inept, misdirected, and obstructive of social justice. But many of the priests and some bishops dealing with these laws in specific instances have labeled them as positively immoral.

Father Benjamin Masse, S.J., protests that they would turn back the industrial clock, while Father Leo Brown, S. J., protests that the evils they attempt to cure would clumsily attempt broad-ax surgery where the deft touch of the scalpel is needed. In the rush to meet union corruption with legislation, legislators should hearken to the wise words of George Meany and "not kill the patient in an attempt to cure him."

The breath of Maytime is always more fragrant because of Mary, the Queen of heaven and earth. On earth we salute women as queens when they have distinguished themselves in some noble field of human activity. A woman unusually gifted in the dramatic arts may be called queen of the stage. A college woman distinguished for her

Queen of the Universe

grace and charm may be styled queen of the campus. The loveliest girl of the parish may be acclaimed queen of May. For a Catholic, his Queen of queens is Our Lady, Queen of the Universe.

We hail Our Lady as Queen not merely because of her pre-eminent gifts of heart and mind. She is not only Queen of Virgins because of her resplendent purity or Queen of Martyrs because of her sublime fortitude in suffering. She is Queen in a much more real sense. As Mother of the King of Kings, as the One conceived immaculate and intimately associated with Our Lord in redeeming mankind, she has the highest position of dignity and government in God's eternal Kingdom.

His Holiness, Pius XII has given us the feast of the Queenship of Mary for May 31.



The worlds of fashion and of faith met unexpectedly amid the Roman ruins when this party of nuns came upon a high fashion model showing the latest fancy of a Rome designer for a photographer. The nuns' unconcern is evidence of their detachment



Following Japan's admission to the United Nations there has been a boom in interest in the international organization in Japan. One result: a fireball business in United Nations flags for use during a national celebration of United Nations Week



United Press

Most Rev. Justin J. McCarthy, Bishop of Camden, suffered a heart attack following his installation. Our readers are invited to pray for his quick recovery



Religious News

Rev. George Wood of Catholic Students Mission Crusade and four foreign students. CSMC has program to help students become leaders in their countries



Gilman

From shoeshine boy to shoeshine boy is the story of Beau Jack, former welterweight champ. Boxing owes more security to those it has exploited

Views in Brief

Youth. At the New York Herald Tribune Youth Forum this year, Gregory Hewlett, who was host for several weeks to a student from Sudan, expressed the common opinion of the youthful participants: "I might say at this point that we teenagers have a big job to do right here at home. That is the job of teaching our adults that there's only one way to judge people, and that's to judge them for what they are in their hearts and minds and not because they come from this place or that one, or have a color or creed different from our own. It's only in that way that we will be able to have peace in this world, and I guess it's up to us to do it." It is encouraging to see young people thinking this way, at a time when many adults think differently.

Movies. Bishop Scully, Chairman of the NCWC Committee on Motion Pictures, has recently urged the formation among the laity of movie clubs whose purpose would be to analyze and criticize motion pictures—not simply to condemn or classify, but to "stimulate an enlightened and critical public to develop their critical judgments and sharpen their artistic tastes." In Milan, a panel of artists and theologians discuss movies with the audience. Catholics with special training in this area could discover a fruitful and interesting apostolate.

Rights. The statement of Msgr. Burke of Chicago concerning the Martin Luther movie merits attention: "We have sought through radio and television to present the Catholic faith in a positive manner. We certainly do not wish, and have never wished, to deny the same opportunity to those of other religious beliefs. The honest expression of a religious viewpoint is not merely a democratic right; it is indispensable to a democracy."

Homework for Parents. Parents have a man-sized job to do in directing their children's energies along constructive, creative lines, according to speakers at the twenty-fifth national Catholic Family Life Convention. Said Dr. Urban J. Fleege: "Society provides too few opportunities for the teenager to gain a sense of achievement and personal value, and parents fail to provide sufficient wholesome opportunities in which young people might spend their tensed-up social and emotional drives." Added Father Dennis Geaney: "To develop creativeness through an appreciation for the finer things in life is a parental role."

No Pets, No Kids. No Despite laws against discrimination in housing, there seems to be no end to the practice of restrictive statements in apartment-for-rent advertising. If you are colored or have children or pets, your chances of finding an available apartment diminish rapidly. Even Catholic landlords are in on the deal. Sample: "Six rooms near OLV parish. . . . Adults preferred." Any day now we expect to see a classified that reads along these lines: "Apartment for rent. Absentee tenants preferred."

Student Scientists. The Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory in Bar Harbor, Maine, is a test-tube example of the failure of Catholic students to seek opportunities in the field of scientific research. The Jackson Laboratory each year invites a selected group of high school and college students to study and carry out research projects related to cancer. In 1956, out of twenty-seven students only three were Catholics and none of these was from a Catholic school. If young Catholics are to find vocations in science, they need encouragement in taking advantage of opportunities for serious activity such as those offered by the Jackson Laboratory.

When Monsignor Joseph Cardijn first founded the Jocist movement, some people asked: "What can you do with a few boys and girls?"

In this exclusive interview, Msgr.

Cardijn tells what his young workers have done across the world

Monsignor Joseph Cardijn began his experiments with Jocism before World War I. Today the movement has spread throughout the world. Jocism gets its name from the initials J. O. C., for *Jeunesse Ouvriere Chretienne*, or, as they are called in English, the Young Christian Workers, the Y. C. W. It is based on the apostolate of like to like and is often referred to as specialized Catholic Action. Primarily, Jocism is a movement of young workers, but there are many groups of Young Christian Students and, in a few countries, of Young Christian Farmers. In all cases, they are organized initially into small "cells" or teams and use the technique of "See, Judge, and Act" which has become a Jocist trademark.

Msgr. Cardijn himself remains a man of extraordinary vitality. His hair is now white, but his energy and enthusiasm belie his years. The movement he began in a working-class parish of Brussels is part of an important chapter in the history of the Church, for it was about this era that Romano Guardini wrote: "A religious process of incalculable importance has begun—the Church is coming to life in the souls of men." Yet it is hard to get Msgr. Cardijn to talk much of the period when Jocism was born; his interest is in the present and, above all, the future—a fact which undoubtedly tells a great deal about the man and his work.

Q *The Y.C.W. is an apostolate of workers to other workers. Exactly how did it begin?*

It was simple enough. I was myself the son of a worker. All I had to do was to look around me at the friends of my youth and see what was happening to them to know what to do.

Q *When you looked around, what did you see?*

The pattern was almost always the same. They left school and went into the factories and the mines. Soon, sometimes within a matter of weeks, they were de-Christianized. Influenced by their environment, they forgot the Christian life.



PHOTOS BY DAN COLEMAN

MISSION

to the worker

An Interview with Monsignor Joseph Cardijn

As told to James O'Gara

“Many people laughed. . . . But the Pope did not laugh. He told me to persevere, and we did that.”



“In the U.S. there is more emphasis on religious practice . . . but is there a strong conception of social duties?”



Q Where did you go from there?

I did the only thing I could do—I went to work on the specific situation in the best way I could. Pope Pius XI emphasized the apostolate of like to like. That is really what I was doing. I gathered a few workers together so that they could become apostles to their fellow workers.

Q How were your initial efforts received?

Many people laughed. They said: “What can you do with your few boys and girls? The problem is too big for that.” But the Pope did not laugh. He told me to persevere, and we did.

Q What about your young workers? What were their biggest problems?

We soon found that the working men were more alienated from the Church than other classes. They did not know the social doctrines of the Church; they had never been taught. And they tended to identify the Church, or at least the clergy, with the rich.

Q How did you attempt to meet these problems? Did you set up some special program?

I dedicated my life as a priest to educating and organizing the young workers—to saving them. We labored to impart Christian ideas to the workers, to give them a Christian idea of work, to prepare them for Christian family life, to prepare them to train their children in Christian ideas and the Christian way of life.

Q Has this approach been successful? How many members does Y. C. W. have the world over?

Only God can measure a work like this. We do not like to think too much in terms of numbers. But the movement has spread all over Europe and throughout the world. It exists today in seventy-three countries and territories and has a membership of about one million and a half. I could not begin to estimate how many husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, came closer to Christ and the Church over the years through their work in the Y. C. W. I do know that something like five thousand of our members have become priests and nuns, and that will give you some idea.

Q Is the emphasis of the movement always on small numbers, on working in small groups?

There is some misunderstanding on this point. One begins at the beginning. I began with small numbers; that is all there were. And in any case it is always necessary to train leaders. We start small, but when the leaders have been developed we are not afraid of larger numbers. In Chicago, for example, there are dozens of what we call “sections,” and there can be as many as two hundred in a section.

Q Compared to the spiritual problems you found among your young European workers, what would you say is the main problem among Catholics in the U.S.?

That is not an easy question to answer. I think that in the U. S. there is more emphasis on religious practice. There is more participation in a way, there are more people at Mass, but there is a strong conception of what one might call their “social duties.” I could be wrong, but I think Catholics in the U. S. do not yet have as well developed a sense of the apostolate.

Q How would you compare the problems of young American and European workers?

On the surface, the problems are somewhat different. Class lines here in the United States, for example, are not nearly as sharp as in Europe. In the United States there is normally not nearly so much of a wall between the social groups. And the standard of living of the worker is higher. Yet the basic problems remain the same. We educate children, young boys and girls—then overnight, they are out in the world and find that their education has not necessarily prepared them to face up to the decisions they must make in daily working life.

Q How do you propose to remedy the fact that their education is inadequate?

We must have more education, but education that is more than desks and blackboards. Education cannot be only a thing of the school. We must have education of the young adults who work. We must compete with the influences of radio, television, advertising, the movies. We must have an apostolate that will educate the young workers for life.

Q Would you say that the problems of workers have grown or lessened since you began?

In many ways their moral needs are greater. It is often very hard to get through to them. Movies, television, the constant distraction that is characteristic of the modern world—all these things make them think they do not need religion. Many have become what Pope Pius a few years ago called “phantoms”—they are completely satisfied with their diversions, they don’t know who they are or what they are, and they never ask themselves.

Q I understand you recently completed a tour of South America, Africa, and Asia. To take them one at a time, what were your impressions in South America?

In the places I visited there is much work to be done. Many of the poor live in misery. They have little food, and few schools. In Brazil more than half of the men and 60 per cent of the women can neither read nor write. In Guatemala it is even worse. And these are just two examples. Almost half of the people in the world today are illiterate.

Q Are the poor workers in the South American countries you visited being lost to the Church?

Judging by what I saw—and remember that I could not go everywhere—they have what I would call a “sentimental religiosity.” They come to

processions, ceremonies, and the like. But religion seems to mean little more to them than that.

Q Can you recommend any special program for South America?

More and more education for working-class families, social reform, and social education. I should add that I am not alone in feeling this; the Bishops there are deeply concerned about this problem. The Y. C. W. is doing what it can. In Chile we have a center for training teachers who will then go to the poorest and neediest districts. In Peru there is a small school for specialized training of young workers in the ideas and techniques of trade union leadership. Teams of workers have gone to assist the local Y. C. W. in Brazil, Uruguay, Chile, and Bolivia. But much more needs to be done.

Q About your visit to Africa, what is your estimate of the Church's position there?

Africa holds great possibilities for the Church. In the last ten years, the number of Catholics there has grown from twelve million to more than twenty million. We are building a training center in Duala which will accommodate 250 young Africans. This is to prepare them for social and political responsibility when self-government comes. The difficulties are great; formerly in some parts of Africa it took four years to launch Y. C. W. sections. But I have great hopes for the future, and I was most impressed with the work of our groups there.

Q Does the Church face any special problem in Africa and Asia that you'd care to single out?

We must build for the future by revealing the true dimensions, the universality of the Church. And this is not easy because of the long history of colonialism and the long struggle between white men and men of color.

Q What can the Church do to avoid identification with the "colonial powers"?

Pope Pius has, of course, done the essential thing, by emphasizing the need for a native clergy everywhere. And I was most impressed by the native Bishops and priests I met in Africa.

Q What else is necessary?

Above all, we must—each one of us—have deep respect for people of color. They must see that we respect them. White men have white leaders; black men and brown men must have their own leaders too. And we must work for justice, hard. They must see that we stand for justice and charity. The living standards of the workingmen in Europe and America have risen sharply in the last forty years. But we must remember that these standards are not the standards of Asia and Africa. For two-thirds of the human race, life is a constant struggle, and that struggle is a hard and cruel one. Their cause must be our cause.

Q Can you suggest anything more specific?

The answer to that is the same as it has always been. We must attack the problem that confronts us. We must send missionaries, many more missionaries, so that they may train leaders from among the people themselves. And it is not enough that these missionaries be priests. We need teams of trained lay people to work in the missions. Teams of young worker leaders have already gone to assist the work of the Y. C. W. in Africa—one to the Belgian Congo, one to Dakar, one to Nigeria, and one to Tanganyika. We are hoping that soon the first Y. C. W. team from America will be prepared. We must not forget that the words of Pope Pius XI are still true; the apostolate of like to like is essential. The answer always comes down to this: every Christian must be a missionary.

Q How has the Y. C. W. movement fared in the countries behind the Iron Curtain?

It is not possible to be too specific about that. Before the Communists took over, the movement was well established in Czechoslovakia, Romania, Yugoslavia, and Hungary. All of us think of Cardinal Mindszenty with deep concern and great gratitude. He was a great friend of the Y. C. W. movement and attended the last large rally it was possible to hold in his country, in 1947. Today, those who remain in those countries work under the greatest difficulties. But we know that God will be with them and that they will not give up.

Q What are your plans for the immediate future?

We are now working on plans for a great rally that will be held in Rome next fall. Thirty thousand delegates will be there from all over the world, including 300 representatives from the United States. The Pope will make a special broadcast for the occasion. One big idea in the rally is to present the Pope with a complete, country-by-country report on the religious situation of youth, especially the young workers. This is a report we have been working on for two years, and it will go into the total life of the young workers, what they think about their work, about the Church, and other things.

Q What do you think of the progress the Church seems to have made in recent years? Are we really winning the battle against secularism and Communism, against material and spiritual poverty?

We have made great progress. But we must not let that fact mislead us. In proportion to the progress of paganism, we have far to go.

Q To conclude, what would you say is the next great area of problems that Christians must attack?

We must turn our attention more and more to the international problem. It is for that reason that the Y. C. W. has consultative status with UNESCO, the UN Economic and Social Council, and the International Labor Organization. We must concentrate more on the relations between the nations, and on the great problem, the relations between the races. Africa convinced me of this fact more than ever.



“For two-thirds of the human race, life is a constant struggle, and that struggle is a hard and cruel one. Their cause must be our cause.”



“We must concentrate more on relations between nations, and on that great problem, the relations between the races. Africa convinced me of this more than ever.”



Robert Johnston

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Sister Philomena

Don Camillo had Peppone in a difficult position.

Peppone, however, was sure he could outsmart a tiny, frail nun; but
being a Communist, he didn't understand nuns too well

by GIOVANNI GUARESCHI

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTIA JOHNSTON

PEPPONE was up to his ears in trouble. The first three months of the year his affairs had gone so swimmingly that he had decided to risk everything on the purchase of a truck. The risk was far from trifling, because he not only put up all his savings, but he also signed a number of promissory notes, which he had to pay, regardless of whether or not he successfully obtained contracts to transport beets, tomatoes, and other farm products. The contracts failed to materialize, and Peppone was up against it. Nor did his misfortunes stop there. Last, but not least, his youngest son was ailing and he had to take him to the doctor, who after a painstaking check-up shook his head and said:

"The child's not well. You must send him to the seashore."

Peppone laughed harshly.

"You may think that's funny," he said. "Just the year that the Party has set up a camp in the mountains, you have to prescribe the sea!"

"I don't think it's funny at all," the doctor retorted. "If you don't trust me, take him to anyone else you choose. And if one single doctor disagrees, then I'll resign from the medical profession."

"It's not a question of trust," said Peppone. "I simply say that the Party has set up a camp in the mountains and that's where he'll have to go."

"But it's sea air that he needs, I tell you, sea air and its iodine. The priest is setting up a camp at the shore, and that's where you'd better send him."

"Don't be ridiculous, Doctor!" exclaimed Peppone impatiently.

"Do you mean the priest has iodine and the Party hasn't?"

"I didn't say the priest had iodine; I said it was in the sea air. But since

he had the camp, it seems to me . . ."

"It seems to you. . . . damnation!" interrupted Peppone rudely. "The priest can go where he pleases, but my boy is going to the mountains. He's better off in the mountains with the Party than at the seashore with the priest. The health of the spirit is just as important as that of the body."

At this point the doctor lost patience. "My business is medicine, not politics. And I tell you that to send that child to the mountains is close to murder."

"I'll send him where I choose! After all, it's up to me."

The young doctor wasn't the sort to be intimidated. He looked Peppone straight in the eye and said firmly:

"Your party prejudices don't alter my professional judgment. I shall say what I think, under any circumstances whatsoever."

"Say what you like," Peppone shouted angrily. "Are you going to report me to the United Nations?"

But the doctor made his report much closer to home. He went to Peppone's house and said to his wife, without preamble:

"I've just examined your child. He ought to go to the seashore, without delay. If you send him to the mountains, you'll be doing him a great deal of harm. It would be better to let him stay right here."

She looked at him mistrustfully.

"My husband has the last word. You'd better talk to him about it."

"I've talked to him already. He says that where his son is concerned, it's up to him. But since the child is yours as well, I thought I ought to say something to you. That way, if something happens to the child, both of you will be responsible."

"Responsible, indeed! This unjust world is responsible. Even if we wanted

to send our child to the shore, how could we afford it?"

"Sign him up for the seaside camp. I've already spoken to Don Camillo, and he's quite ready to take him."

She slammed the door in the doctor's face, but he was prepared for this and worse and didn't take it too seriously.

"If these people didn't have a stone in place of a heart, they'd give their child the proper care," he muttered to himself as he went away.

But of course Peppone and his wife did have hearts, exactly where anyone would expect to find them. That very evening Peppone dropped in at the rectory.

"I'd like to know what silly story the doctor told you," he said aggressively to Don Camillo.

"He told me that your son has urgent need of going to the sea," Don Camillo answered calmly. "If that's a silly story, then either he or you ought to have his head examined."

"I'm absolutely up to my ears . . ."

"I know that . . ."

"The Party has a camp in the mountains, and then they have to say that my son needs the sea . . ."

"Yes, I know . . ."

"Which means that I have to choose between my son and the Party!"

"I wouldn't say that. . ."

"Yes, you would! Otherwise you wouldn't have told the doctor that you were willing to take my son."

"No, Comrade Mayor, I'm not trying to put anything over. I care about the health of your son, not about that of your Party."

Peppone stared at him with indescribable scorn.

"You blackened . . . I mean you whitened sepulchre, you! If my boy goes to your camp, you know perfectly well what propaganda you can make

"I've come to take away my son," Peppone muttered, with his head hanging

of it. You know exactly what people will say."

"What people will say?" said Don Camillo, opening his eyes wide in astonishment. "What can they say? I wouldn't put your child in my camp. I'd send him to one a mile up the shore, along with the children from some village in Piedmont; in fact, he'd go before our group even thinks of getting started. Do you think that a fellow my size, who with the back of his hand could change the cut of your face and that of whoever taught you to keep your hat on your head in other people's houses, would make a political issue out of the rachitic bones of a very sick child?"

Peppone took off the hat.

"Well, if you're not doing it for propaganda purposes, then it's in order to poison his mind. To stuff his head with nonsense and turn him against me!"

"Peppone," Don Camillo said gravely, shaking his head. "Your son will be treated as if he were in a Communist camp."

Peppone burst out laughing.

"Father, what *can* you mean?"

"I mean that your son will be accepted on the basis of his needs. He'll enjoy sun-bathing, salt-water bathing, hikes and all the other activities of this kind, but nothing more."

"You mean no morning prayers? No afternoon and evening prayers? No litanies, no Masses?"

"Nothing of the kind, Comrade Mayor. The doctor said he ought to go to the seashore for the sake of his health, and his health shall be our only concern."

"Father," said Peppone, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "You're in a joking mood, but I'm not. My child is sick, and I'm up to my ears in debt. It's not fair to take advantage of me."

Don Camillo went over to his desk and took out a letter, which he handed to Peppone.

"It's from Sister Philomena, the directress of the camp where I want to send your son."

Peppone took the letter over to the light and started to read it.

"Reverend Father:

Certainly, there is a place for the child. I understand perfectly that the situation is such that unless we handle him the way you say he will not come at all, and his health will suffer. I can assure you that whenever any religious instruction, even of the most indirect kind, is scheduled, the child will be tactfully given something else to do. You have asked me to do something quite out of the way, but I can see

that the sins of the fathers should not be visited upon the children. Surely you won't insist that I read excerpts from the works of Lenin and Stalin or teach him that he must murder the parish priest as soon as he's a grown man! . . ."

"I'll teach him that myself," Peppone said gruffly as he handed back the letter. And he added, after a moment of reflection: "Father, this whole thing smells to me like a theatrical stunt. It can't be on the level. Underneath it all, there's some confounded propaganda. You simply want to make a fool of me!"

For an answer, Don Camillo laid his heavy hand on a breviary.

"It's all on this application form. And you're to tell people that you're paying his way."

"What about the doctor?"

"You can trust him. His secrecy is ensured by professional ethics."

"But if the boy improves, I'll have to be grateful . . ."

"No, Comrade. Do you feel any particular gratitude toward the postman for bringing you a letter? Just consider me as Sister Philomena's postman."

"Then I'll have to be grateful to her!"

"No, she wrote under dictation. It all goes back to the Man on the Cross . . ."

"There, you see! I knew there was a catch to it."

"Only a believer has to be grateful," said Don Camillo. "You don't believe, and so your Party conscience is at rest."

"Now, Father, are we going to start an argument?"

"No, let's end it before it begins. We've never communicated with each other; we've never discussed such a thing as a camp. You'll have news of your son directly from Sister Philomena. No . . . don't worry; it will come in a plain, white envelope, sent to your home address."

"With a carbon copy to the parish priest, no doubt!"

"Lord help us!" exclaimed Don Camillo. "I only wish you were the one that needed sea air! How happily I'd row you out to the deep waters and drop you overboard in a concrete kimono! . . . Beria, farewell!"

"Father, don't you insult me!"

"If I'd called you Beria a month ago, you'd have been proud as a peacock. *O tempora, o mores!*"

Peppone's son left the very next day, accompanied by his mother. When she returned, Peppone was dying to hear all about it.

"Who was there to meet you?"

"A doctor and a nurse. They looked

him over and said he would have a special diet."

"Did they ask you any questions?"

"Only about the boy."

"What about me?"

"They didn't even ask whether he had a father. They're honest people, and the child's health is their only concern."

"That's what you think," mumbled Peppone. "Did he cry when you went away?"

"Not a bit of it! They have quite a way with children. Besides, there was a merry-go-round and some miniature automobiles. . . . He didn't even notice that I was going."

"Merry-go-rounds and miniature automobiles!" echoed Peppone fiercely. "There's the opium of the people!"

After a few days Peppone received the first letter.

"Dear Sir:

Your son is well. The sea certainly isn't bad for him, and we have strong hopes that it will do him good. We are making a particular effort to carry out your wishes. Up until today everything has gone smoothly. He sleeps in the same room as the night-nurse, who is not a nun, and so there is no question of going to Mass or saying morning and evening prayers. During the period of religious instruction he is taken for a walk, and we see to it that he comes to the table a few seconds too late to say grace.

Only one thing gives us concern. We have kept him away from the ceremonies of raising and lowering the flag, since the flag is not an international one, but the red-white-and green of our country. Your son saw what was going on from the window and now he wants to be among those present. Because he's very lively for his seven years of age, he said: 'If they don't let me salute the flag, I'll write to my father, the mayor, and he'll crack their heads open!'

Please advise us what to do.

Cordially yours,

Sister Philomena."

Peppone glared at his wife.

"You may be a fool, but I'm not," he announced. "This Sister thinks she can make a jackass of me, she's very much mistaken." And taking a sheet of paper, he penned an immediate reply.

"Dear Directress:

I am glad to hear that my son is well. Since he is an Italian citizen, it is his duty as well as his privilege to salute the flag. His impertinent way of speaking calls for punishment. His father uses his hands for honest work and not to crack anyone's head open." The second letter from the camp came a week later.

"Dear Sir:

Thank you for your prompt answer to my last letter. We have done exactly

what you say. As you will see from the enclosed medical report, your son's health is definitely improved. But we are worried about his impulsive temperament. At this morning's flag-raising ceremony, the rope slid out of the pulley at the top of the pole, and while we were debating what to do, he ran, and shinned up the pole like a monkey. After this scare, we trust that you will write him to be more careful in the future.

According to your wish, we have given him meat rather than fish every Friday, but he wants to have the same thing as the others and claims to adore fish. We await further instructions.

Cordially yours,

Sister Philomena."

Peppone read the letter aloud to his wife, who was greatly disturbed by it. "The little rascal! He's giving them a very low opinion of us."

"You're way off the track," said Peppone. "I say he's doing us proud!" And his answer to the letter was brief and to the point.

"Dear Directress:

"When a boy does something for the honor of his country's flag, he can't be called foolhardy. When I was his age, I used to climb telegraph poles and make a human flag of myself. Don't forget that we Bottazzis are a tough lot. As far as the Friday fish is concerned, that's not propaganda, and he may eat it.

Sincerely . . ."

After that came a third camp letter:

"Dear Sir:

The medical progress will tell you of the progress of your son's physical health. But from a spiritual point of view he gives us considerable worry. He talks very little, and at first we thought he was shy. Gradually we have discovered that under his apparent crudeness and sporadic violence he has a delicate nature and one inclined to meditation. Every now and then he asks very embarrassing questions, which we do our best to evade. Half an hour ago, for instance, he asked me: 'When a ship is on the horizon, why do we see first the masts and then the hull?' I told him that it was because the earth is round. 'If it's round, what does it lean on?' he asked me. 'It doesn't lean on anything; it's suspended in the air.' I replied, 'And who holds it up?' As you can surely see, it's not easy to answer, if my mouth is to be sealed upon the subject of the Creator, and so I have left the matter in suspense. Shall I say that the earth is held up by Stalin, or shall I make a vaguer reference, to the Party?

Cordially yours,

Sister Philomena."

Peppone clenched his fists and shouted to his wife:

"Take a sheet of paper and write what I say. No fuss, now!"

"Dear Directress:

I am writing to tell you that I shall come next Sunday to take away my son.

Sincerely . . ."

His wife tried to protest, but Peppone would not listen to her.

"If that nun doesn't know it, then I'll have to tell her. Even if I'm a proletarian, I have my dignity. I won't be treated this way. If they think they can laugh behind my back, they have something still to learn."

There was no way to stop him, and off he went on Saturday night. After a long and tedious trip he arrived at a pleasant station, with flower-beds all around it. It was seven o'clock in the morning and he was happy to hear that the summer camp was only three-quarters of an hour away. The discomfort of the trip had increased his anger; he walked at a double-quick pace and covered the

DEFINITIONS

DIPLOMACY: The art of saying "nice doggie" until you can find a rock.—*Irish Digest*

BACHELOR: A fellow who has only himself to blame.—*Quote*

HYPOCRITE: One who pretends to be burying the hatchet when he's only digging up dirt.—*Franklin P. Jones*

distance in half an hour. When he saw the main camp building, in a grove of trees, at the end of a road, he realized that it was too early to make himself known and he sat down on a bench to wait.

"I'll give that priestess a piece of my mind," he muttered to himself as he lit a cigar butt. Before he had blown a single smoke ring he heard a gentle voice say: "Signor Bottazzi?" Leaping to his feet he found himself faced by a nun so tiny and frail that he almost took her for a child. She was very young and had a most harmonious voice.

"I'm Sister Philomena," she said. "I've been waiting for you ever since we received your special delivery letter."

Peppone was all puffed up with rage, but how could he jump on such a defenseless and sweet-voiced little creature?

"I've come to take away my son," he muttered, with his head hanging.

"But why? Why must you rob him of

twenty-five more days so beneficial to his health? What have we done?"

"I don't want to be made a fool of!" he told her.

"Who's made a fool of you?"

"You, and your letters . . . especially the last."

"I see. Because I asked you whether I was to tell your son that the universe was created by Stalin or by the Party?"

"Never mind all that," said Peppone impatiently. "Bring me the boy, and let's forget the rest."

"You're his father, and I'll give him back to you. But that doesn't solve the problem. Tomorrow or the next day he'll be asking you who made the world. And what, may I ask, are you going to answer?"

"That's my business," barked Peppone.

"I'm sorry I offended you," said Sister Philomena. "Will you forgive me?"

"No," said Peppone, looking down at the tips of his shoes.

"Let's hope God will forgive me, then. May I ask you just one favor? . . . In your next-to-last letter you said something about having made yourself into a 'human flag.' Just what did you mean?"

"It's hard to explain. It's just a game. You put a pole under your left armpit, lean on your right elbow and throw your legs straight out into the air."

"I don't follow you," said Sister Philomena.

Peppone's further description only made things more obscure. Finally he took off his jacket, and holding on to a lamp post he gave her a demonstration.

"At your age and with your weight?" exclaimed Sister Philomena, her eyes glowing with wonder.

While Peppone sank onto the bench in exhaustion, she raised her eyes to the sky.

"Too bad, Lord," she said, "that such a strong man should be so wicked!"

Her gentle voice caused Peppone to leap to his feet.

"That's enough!" he implored. "Give me back my son!"

"No!" said Sister Philomena authoritatively.

"Then let me see him."

"It depends on whether you come back looking a little neater at nine o'clock."

Peppone came back, considerably freshened up, and Sister Philomena allowed him to spend all day on the beach with his little boy. When he went away that evening she asked him:

"If he asks me the same question again, what am I to reply?"

"Reply as you think best, Sister," Peppone grumbled.

And that is just what Sister Philomena did.



Bacalar's laymen build Catholic customs. Here, they lead singing of "Las Mananitas," a serenade to Our Lady of Guadalupe

THE GRAY-HAIRED WOMAN fresh from the United States seemed out of place in the jungle village of Bacalar. "You look things over for a few days," the priest told her. "See whether you like it and want to stay."

But Mrs. Elizabeth Sherman, fifty-seven, practical nurse who had come to open a clinic in Bacalar, needed no trial run. "I don't like it, Father," she said. "I loathe the mud and the mosquitoes. But I'll stay."

For anyone accustomed to the American standard of living, the first sight of Bacalar can be a severe jolt. Here, deep in Mexico's southeastern subtropics, most people live in huts with thatch palm roofs and dirt floors. After one of the frequent squalls blows in from the Caribbean, Bacalar's dirt roads become quagmire underfoot. The flies by day and the mosquitoes by night can flit about almost everywhere unrebuffed by screens, mosquito netting, or insecticide.

Bacalar's 900 citizens, mostly of Mayan Indian and Spanish descent, wrest a living out of the jungle land with farming tools as primitive as those used by their ancestors centuries ago. Once part of a mighty Mayan empire that subdued the jungle across the whole Yucatan peninsula, Bacalar today is fighting for survival in a region widely regarded as

Mexico's Siberia—the remote, underdeveloped and underpopulated territory of Quintana Roo. Around Mexico City people joke that if an escaped convict flees to the jungles of Quintana Roo, the police don't pursue him—life there is punishment enough.

It is in this unlikely part of the world that a new mission project took root nearly five years ago. Father Donald Hessler, M.M., a refugee from the Chinese missions, appointed pastor at Bacalar in 1951, found the area swamped with problems that he could not lick by himself. Besides, he had long been convinced that lay people have a role in the missions. So he sent an SOS to several friends in the United States, and in 1952 three young people from New Mexico—two women and a man—responded.

Today twelve lay missionaries—including three married couples, with a total of eleven children—are making mission history at Bacalar. This group, one of the first American lay missionary teams, is also the first to include married couples. Its seven women and five men are demonstrating what lay missionaries—married and single—can do in a foreign land.

The lay people help in catechism classes, in church organizations like the

Legion of Mary, and in other parochial activities. In this role, they are assistants to Father Hessler. But they have another role—one in which Father Hessler is their assistant. Pursuing the work peculiarly suited to the laymen's vocation in the social order, they are developing local leaders and striving to rescue the community from its desperately depressed level of life.

In practice, all phases of their work are interwoven. Shortly after Joe Shelzi, a former Air Force fighter pilot, arrived at Bacalar, a teen-age boy came to him and asked in Spanish: "Would you teach me?"

"Teach you what?"

"Teach me what I should know," he said.

Shelzi got the youngster involved in a half-dozen projects, including a discussion club and the mission's tool shop. Today the young man is not only a first-class mechanic, one of the few in the territory, but also someone that the village and the church can count on for leadership.

In an area that for generations was so desolate that men fell back to grubbing for themselves alone, the lay missionaries have spurred the formation of various organizations requiring teamwork—a credit union, a corn marketing



Bacalar's pastor, Father Hessler

THE PIONEERS OF BACALAR

Laymen on the missions? Twelve lay missionaries down Mexico way are proving it might be a good idea

Text and Photographs by Bob Senser

co-operative, and a co-operative farm. Says Shelzi:

"Our aim in all these things is not just to relieve the people's economic distress, but to get them to help themselves by developing their sense of leadership." In many cases the people had lost all hope as a result of exploitation and a lack of know-how. By helping them solve their economic problem, we are also helping with their very real spiritual problem—the loss of hope."

For love of Christ a man can give a drink of water to a thirsty man. For love of Christ men can also build a reservoir to give water to a whole town of thirsty people. A lay missionary, Arthur Vigil, and twenty local men built such a reservoir for Bacalar next to the parish church.

The 240,000-gallon public reservoir helps to sustain the village through the annual dry season (previously the poorer families had to rely on polluted wells). Built with picks, shovels, and little else for tools, the completed reservoir dramatized what could be done even without modern machinery. Today, filled with water collected off the roof of the 400-year-old Church of St. Joachim, the reservoir stands as a symbol of the church's concern for the temporal order.

By far the most ambitious project

under mission auspices is the co-operative farm, 1,000 acres of fertile land cleared of jungle growth by machete and bulldozer. The farm, only two years old but already the largest in the whole territory, may well be the beacon to show the people the way out of the even more severe economic crises which, by all calculations, threaten the area in the next few years.

For part of the year, most of the men depend for their livelihood on cutting down mahogany trees and tapping sapodilla trees for chicle (base for chewing gum). But the ravages of hurricanes and men have almost depleted the jungle of these trees, and soon the families will no longer have even the few pesos they now earn in the chicle and mahogany industries.

The challenge is to persuade the men that they can lick the jungle and develop farms productive enough to support their families year around. The land is abundant, free for the asking from the government. The shortage comes in initiative and perseverance to mobilize the necessary skills and energy. Not an easy job, but Herculano Osorio, the Mayan who is farm manager, says optimistically: "We are sure it can be done."

On the farm fifteen local men, with

Shelzi as technical advisor, are working up the evidence. Cows, pigs, goats, chickens, turkeys, ducks, bees—the farm has them all. Even a new type of pasture grass has been important: it's sturdy enough to survive the dry season and grows mat-like to choke out the jungle weeds. The plants and animals aren't there as mere showpieces. The idea is to see which flourish in Quintana Roo's heat and humidity, and to make the best types available at cost to other farmers.

Some skeptics in the village insist that this is a losing fight, that the jungle is bound to win out eventually. But even the skeptics turned out to cheer one day last August when the farm got a reinforcement: a huge thirteen-ton bulldozer, a gift from *Detroit Times*, which ran a \$25,000 fund campaign for it. The bulldozer's arrival, coinciding with the traditional fiesta time for Bacalar, the Feast of San Joachim, caused a sensation in the territory. People came from all over to celebrate—at three Masses and at civic ceremonies marked with fireworks. Even the territorial government, officially cool to religion, sent a nine-piece band.

One of the bulldozer's first assignments is to build a new, shorter road through the jungle to the co-operative farm. Rocks from ancient Mayan walls

are being used for a roadbed through swampy areas. "We're building a new civilization from the ruins of an old one," says Shelzi.

A far more important ingredient in the rebuilding of Bacalar is symbolized on the white wall of a lay missionary's home. There, drawn in red, is a flaming heart lettered with the word *amor*, Spanish for love. The quality of one's charity gets tested often in Bacalar.

Late one rainy night a lay missionary was awakened by two strangers knocking at his door. The two travelers, Negroes from neighboring British Honduras, asked him for shelter. He put up an extra hammock for one man and let the other share his own.

One three-year veteran at Bacalar says: "I thought I was doing a lot. Then Mrs. Sherman came to show us what real generosity means."

Mrs. Elizabeth Sherman, mother of three (a daughter is a missionary nun in Hawaii), decided after her husband's death five years ago that she would make herself useful in the missions. She studied practical nursing and last year reported for duty in doctorless Bacalar. There she found patients lined up at her door even before she had unpacked her bags.

Her boundless zest for work astounds persons less than half her fifty-seven years. Even after dark this lady in white, medicine kit in one hand and a flashlight in the other, can be seen walking down a jungle path to help a baby suffering from tuberculosis. By jeep, lumber truck, and horseback, she hunts out the sick in the remote

"pueblos" that are part of the parish of Bacalar. For local transportation, she hopes to get a bicycle soon. She has never ridden a bicycle, but then until a year ago, she had never spoken Spanish, the main language of the Bacalar area.

Like any pioneers, the group at Bacalar has suffered setbacks, and the most severe of all came one night in September, 1955, when Hurricane Janet struck with devastating ferocity. It blew away the bell tower and most of the roof of the parish church. It carried away a five-acre banana field on the co-operative farm and killed many animals, including nearly 500 chickens. It leveled most of the homes in Bacalar and surrounding communities. Its wind and rain did that and more, but in the Bacalar area there were no casualties.

Although the damage has not yet been completely repaired, the hurricane did strengthen the bond between the local people and the missionaries. In the height of the storm Arthur Vigil took the mission truck and transported all the children he could find to the church rectory, a solid stone structure. Pauline King, a member of the Grail (apostolic organization for young women), directed her neighbors to her own safety spot—underneath a jeep. Such deeds of the "Norte Americanos," these people of fair skin who speak broken Spanish, have become part of local legend.

Strange people, these Americans—willing to defy everything from gnats to hurricanes to serve the missions. Financially, the most each adult gets in return is \$1 a day, the average local wage. Some

pay their own way. For example, Pat and Mary Quilter maintain themselves and six little Quilters from the rental of their home in Detroit.

Such sacrifice is expected from priests and religious as a matter of routine. It is even expected that some single men and women should be inflamed with missionary zeal. But what business do married couples have trotting off to the missions?

Over the long haul, the most significant achievement of the Bacalar team may be its proof that some families can endure the rigors of mission life and that they do have a vital contribution to make to the work.

While even many leaders of the Church's twenty-one lay mission societies wonder whether couples can adapt to mission life, Bacalar's Joe Shelzi never entertained such doubts. One evening in 1952 Joe proposed to Theresa Vigilante of Brooklyn, N. Y., a graduate of St. John's University who had finished a year of apostolic training at the Grailville center in Loveland, Ohio. Said Joe to Theresa:

"Would you like to go to the Yucatan missions with me?"

Without flinching, Theresa said: "I'd love to, Joe."

Even after a year of "basic training" in Mexico, the Shelzis found life in Bacalar a trial, especially in their first home, with its dirt floor and screenless windows. But they persevered, and the one year that they originally agreed to work with Father Hessler has so far stretched to three, with at least two more to go.



ABOVE—Weekly staff meetings with Fr. Hessler help iron out current mission problems. **RIGHT**—Mrs. Sherman, mission nurse, examines sick native child



Laymen's biggest contribution has been raising living standards of people. **LEFT**—Corn co-op eases economic burdens of people. **BELOW**—Most ambitious project is 1,000-acre cooperative farm where Mayans learn new methods





Typical lay mission family are the Shelzis, who have three children. Joe is an ex-Air Force fighter pilot from Boston. Theresa attended St. John's University in Brooklyn

The mission families, like the single people, now live a few notches above the native standard of living. Their homes generally have concrete floors, for example, and two of the three families have washing machines (shared by others too). Like the local families, however, they eat a lot of black beans, tortillas, and corn, and seldom have meat more than twice a week.

At weekly staff meetings, the mission team periodically re-examines the question, "How much should we live like the people?" Arthur Vigil offers this principle as an answer: "Close enough so that we might understand and love them and that they might understand and love us."

The mission families give a special ferment to village life. On the material level, they are able to show local families how to improve their homes simply by making full use of materials at hand. The Shelzi kitchen, for example, has a sink carved out of a mahogany trunk and a concrete stove made almost entirely out of local materials. Shelzi's "inventions" are being copied in native kitchens where wives traditionally slave over a hot and smoking kitchen "stove"—a tin plate propped up by three stones.

When Emilia Vigil worked in Bacalar as a single woman, she would try to counsel local families on domestic arts, especially proper nutrition for babies. The mothers would smile and shake their heads: "Oh, but you just don't know—you're not married." Her neighbors are much more inclined to take her advice now that she has a home and two children of her own.

In the old days a Bacalar husband

never went to church with his wife and seldom walked on the street with her—it just wasn't considered the manly thing to do. Now, especially on the monthly Family Communion Sunday, several dozen Mexican families join the U.S. families in the front pews of the church.

"When a priest is alone in a mission," says Father Hessler, "he can preach about the beauties of family life. But the people often discount his words and say, 'He doesn't face the problems that we face.' When he has some apostolic families working with him, however, they help him in his preaching—by their words and mostly by their deeds."

The mission couples, while accepted by the people of Bacalar, are commonly criticized by friends and relatives in the United States. "They think we have holes in our heads," says Mary Quilter, mother of six. The Quilter family, like a modern-day Swiss Family Robinson, pulled up stakes in Detroit in March, 1955, to work in Bacalar for at least three years.

The most frequent criticism Pat and Mary Quilter got went something like this: "Look at what you're doing to your children. If you were childless you could do anything you wished with your lives, but after all you should give some thought to their happiness."

Actually, the Quilter children have found life in Bacalar a joy and a tremendous opportunity. No television, no movies, no lollipops—the absence of these and other luxuries they took in

stride. What excited them was learning new customs, meeting new people, mastering a new language. The Quilter children can now speak Spanish as well as they can English.

Bacalar teaches children responsibility early. As Pat Quilter points out: "In the States children have practically everything done for them. Here work is a normal—and happy—part of their life. Almost from the time they are old enough to walk, the Mexican children help mother gather sticks of firewood. By ten they usually can do the washing. And they don't have to be bribed either."

The paramount advantage that the U.S. children have in Bacalar is their apostolic environment. They become mission-minded at an early age. When little Juan next door is slow about making his first Holy Communion, they can do wonders in speeding up the process. And few adults are more persuasive in promoting the family Rosary.

The purpose of the mission team, says Father Hessler, is to "make visible to the community a complete picture of the Mystical Body at work and at worship"—priests, single people, and married couples. The only gap in the Bacalar picture is that there are no nuns, except for the group of Mexican sisters who come down periodically from Merida, Yucatan, to assist in the catechetical work.

After nearly five years, the Bacalar experience—in Father Hessler's eyes, at least—is no longer an experiment but a proven mission formula. The record, he says, speaks for itself: "Thanks to the help of the lay missionaries, we've accomplished down here in five years what it would have taken me twenty-five years to do working alone."

BOB SENSER, associate editor of *Work*, published by the Catholic Labor Alliance, traveled to Yucatan especially for *The Sign*. He plans to write a book on Bacalar.

Spotlighting methods of prevention, Commissioner Cavanagh has cut New York City's fire rate twenty per cent in three short years

New York's No. 1 Fireman

by Harry Schlegel

IF EVER A MAN can be said to have had a rendezvous with destiny, that man is Edward Francis Cavanagh Jr., who almost from birth seemed bound to become what he is today at forty-eight, Fire Commissioner of New York City.

As a toddler of four, little Eddie was taken to his first fire—the great Equitable Building conflagration on lower Broadway in Manhattan—by his father, a celebrated fire buff of the day. From then on, through parochial school with the Sisters, high school and college with the Jesuits, law practice, Air Force service, and public career, Cavanagh's life has been marked by the same recurring theme of firemanics.

Tall and rangy, his 187 pounds evenly distributed over a six-foot-one frame, Cavanagh is a personable and astute man who admits with a grin that he is one of the fortunate few for whom work and fun mean the same thing.

And the performance he has given as fire commissioner has won high praise not only from his boss, Mayor Robert Wagner, but from veteran observers of New York's political arena.

In the opinion of Roi B. Woolley, editor of the authoritative trade journal, *Fire Engineering*, Cavanagh is the best man in years to sit in the commissioner's spacious office on the eleventh floor of the Municipal Building.

And it's a big chair that Cavanagh fills as chief executive of a going enterprise with more than 12,000 employees and an annual budget of \$88,750,000.

By the time Eddie was studying with the nuns, he was a familiar sight around Engine 211's firehouse near the family home in the Williamsburg section, drinking it all in, learning the ways of firemen. Starting in his teens, Eddie was chasing the major fires all over the city, and from that time on he never missed a three-alarm blaze or bigger.



Commissioner Cavanagh at his desk in Municipal Building

Then, when it came time to write his thesis in pre-law at Georgetown University, Cavanagh had no trouble picking his topic. It was fire prevention, which he'd heard the smoke-eaters at 211 discuss by the hour.

After studying law at Harvard and passing the bar, Cavanagh hung up his shingle and soon had a thriving practice. Among his clients was a fire chief who lost a leg in a collision between his apparatus and a coal truck. In the course of successfully representing his client, Cavanagh naturally got to talking about fire-fighting with the chief. Impressed with Cavanagh's grasp of the subject and delighted at finding a man with a common interest, the chief pressed technical journals on his young counsel. Cavanagh read them cover to cover, like others devour best sellers, and his lore increased.

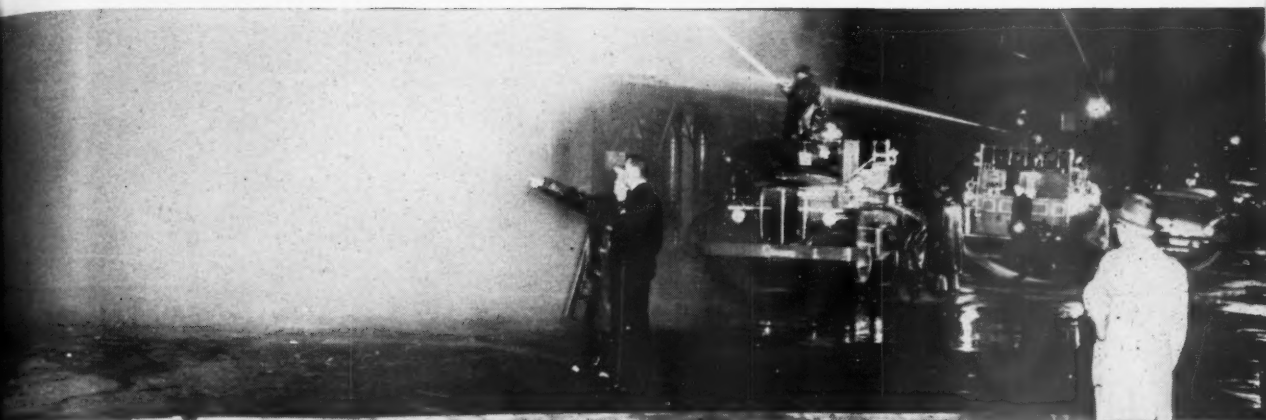
Early in 1942, Cavanagh went into military service as a captain in the Air Force. He wanted duty as a combat intelligence officer, but Uncle Sam had

other ideas. He was assigned to administrative duties as director of security and intelligence for Air Force production and supply.

Cavanagh hadn't been an airman long before he realized that the Air Force was suffering huge losses by fire at its installations. Recalling his former client, the fire chief, and the books he'd borrowed from him, Cavanagh proceeded to write a pamphlet on fire prevention for AF personnel.

"The basic message in that leaflet is the principal one of all prevention—that fires can be sharply reduced by the simple principles of good housekeeping and order," he said. Along with his pamphlet, Cavanagh instituted an extensive inspection and education program for AF bases. Recognition was not long in coming; before he was discharged as a lieutenant colonel, Cavanagh was cited by President Franklin Roosevelt for reducing fire losses at AF bases by more than \$35,000,000.

Back once more in civilian life



Fire buff from childhood, the Commissioner comes in fire togs or evening dress, according as the alert finds him

Cavanagh turned again to the law and in a few months was appointed executive assistant to the vice-president of the Wright Aeronautical Corp. But his tenure there was brief because, although he didn't know it, a brigadier general under whom he'd served in the Air Force had his eye on Cavanagh.

The general had now become Mayor William O'Dwyer of New York, and the Mayor was recruiting executive talent for his administration. O'Dwyer was familiar with Cavanagh's service record and with his work for the Democratic party, in which he'd enrolled as a precinct captain while still at Georgetown.

So, in 1947, the Mayor asked lawyer Cavanagh to take a job with the city. "He thought it would be good for me to get into public life," Cavanagh said. But because his family responsibilities were growing and he was satisfied where he was, Cavanagh declined.

However, O'Dwyer was never a man to take *no* for an answer, at least from a former AF subordinate. A few months later, Cavanagh was again sitting in O'Dwyer's City Hall office while the Mayor asked: "Eddie, how are things going with the law?"

Cavanagh started to reply that everything was fine, but he never got a chance to finish. A persuasive man, O'Dwyer explained that there was trouble brewing in the marine and aviation department over some leases, leaving the clear inference that Cavanagh was the only man who could handle the situation. When the Mayor got through, Cavanagh found himself agreeing to take the post of deputy marine commissioner. But for six months only.

"A year and a half later," Cavanagh mused with a smile, "I was still there. Somehow, the six-month job just fused into a longer and larger one of arrang-

ing a projected transfer of the city's dock operations to an outside agency.

"The shift never went through, but another phone call from O'Dwyer did," he said. This time, there'd been a contract scandal in the hospital department, and Cavanagh was again elected to play fireman. "For the usual six months, as deputy commissioner," he laughed.

First thing he did on the new job was to head out on an inspection tour of city hospitals. Cavanagh was appalled at what he found.

"I was shocked to discover that some of our largest and best known institutions, where hundreds of patients were confined, were little more than firetraps," he said. Swiftly disposing of the contract mess, Cavanagh then set about reorganizing the hospital fire brigades and driving home a prevention program. The task was barely completed when again came the inevitable summons to City Hall. Closeted with O'Dwyer he found his boss, the hospital commissioner.

Hardly glancing at Cavanagh, the Mayor told the hospital chief, "You're going to lose your deputy." Vainly, Cavanagh reminded His Honor about all the broken six-month pledges. O'Dwyer's answer was to appoint him commissioner of the marine department.

Taking over in 1950, Cavanagh initiated a \$5,000,000 project which resulted in New York's vast pier system becoming the best protected against fire in the world. As part of the fire-proofing modernization, Cavanagh helped design special hose nozzles, revolving like lawn sprinklers, which were particularly adapted for use on the docks.

Although the plan was admittedly

costly, it paid off almost immediately in lower pier insurance premiums. On one dock, installation of fire protection equipment dropped the yearly premium \$20,000, and over-all the savings were ten times that amount.

Cavanagh remained in the marine department during the 1953 mayoralty campaign, in which Wagner ran as the Democratic candidate.

Before the campaign opened, Cavanagh told Wagner that he definitely intended to return to private practice. With that stipulation agreed upon (*he thought*), he swung wholeheartedly into the business of helping elect his friend. Wagner won comfortably, but Cavanagh didn't go back to the law. Instead, his mind was changed again by a Mayor. "Bob prevailed on me to stay in public office," he said. And soon after that, in February, 1954, the town's Number one buff became the town's Number one fireman.

Inheriting a department shaken to its roots by the exposure of a \$500,000-a-year racket in oil-burner installations only a few years before, Cavanagh acted decisively to restore morale. One of his first big moves was to return administrative control from the uniformed officers to the civilian top echelon. There was the usual grumbling, but it soon died away as a new efficiency and élan swept the ranks.

Next, Cavanagh opened shop at the old stand, hammering away at his favorite theme of prevention. In one of his first official pronouncements, the new commissioner put his men on notice thus:

"Prevention is the most important duty of a fire department!"

Cavanagh couldn't have shocked the 11th floor more if he'd started a fire himself!

HARRY SCHLEGEL is a rewrite man on the staff of the *New York Daily News*. He has published sports and mystery fiction in various magazines.



Afficionados all, Cavanagh family life (left) is warm and affectionate. Top: Crater dug by explosives in Brooklyn pier fire, 1956, is inspected. Above, left: Commissioner greets Cardinal Spellman during parade, 1956. Center: Mayor Wagner and Cavanagh interviewed at Wanamaker fire, 1956. Right: Commissioner discusses fire-fighting strategy with fireman.

So he set out to prove his words. In the pre-Cavanagh era, prevention had been the partial responsibility of three units in the department: the division of combustibles, the division of licensed places of assembly, and the division of fire prevention. All these were created to make sure that fires can't happen. But overlapping inspections, duplication of jobs, and general boondoggling made the units practically worthless.

Cavanagh hounded the Board of Estimate for approval to roll the three units into one. Once he got the O.K., he took aim and started the big push—a continual, all-out offensive against fire waste.

Harlem's worst fire area was saturated with firemen, manning a relentless building-by-building check. Fireboats went steaming along the sprawling waterfront, making sure no one had forgotten the lessons Cavanagh taught as marine head. Fire prevention leaflets, printed in both Spanish and English, were run off the presses for distribution in the tenement sections. Spanish-speaking firemen rolled through slum neighborhoods on sound-equipped apparatus, blaring forth the message of life-saving prevention. And fiercest of all was the crusade Cavanagh led against kerosene heaters, chief cause of tenement fires.

He hustled across Park Row to the City Council and pleaded with the solons for a law against the death-dealing devices. Won over by his forceful argument, the councilmen acted with uncommon speed and rushed through a bill incorporating most of his recommendations. When Wagner finally signed the anti-heater law, it was a red-letter day for his fire commissioner.

So, bit by bit, the initial doubts turned to enthusiasm as the record began to build.

In the year before Cavanagh took office, there were 54,392 fires. During his first twelve-month, the number was cut to 53,283 and in 1955 it was 49,511. Last year, the figures were even more noteworthy—down to 44,511.

Looking to the future, Cavanagh confidently predicts, "It will be possible over the next decade to hold fires to an appropriate maximum of 30,000 to 40,000."

More dramatic even was the decline in fatalities from kerosene-heater disasters. During the six months ended March 31, 1955, 28 died in 479 fires. But in the similar period ending March 31, 1956, there were only six victims in 350 fires.

In his big drive, Cavanagh also showed that he was not just trying to pile up a

score against the small fry—owners of one or two buildings—while the big shots went scot free. He proved this in taking on the management of the luxurious Waldorf-Astoria.

The Waldorf had three small fires last year and just never got around to mentioning them to the department. Finally, Cavanagh cracked down. He accused the hotel of seeking to avoid unpleasant publicity by carelessly or willfully failing to report a fire. To convince the Waldorf he meant business, Cavanagh posted several of his men in the mink-dripping lobby.

Then, when he released the story, Cavanagh resorted to a nice flair for news-making which had helped out headline writers several times before. "Patrons of the Waldorf-Astoria can be burned to death just as easily as the occupants of Bowery flophouses," he said.

Cavanagh didn't duck, either, when a conflict loomed with the potent theater interests. Uncovering widespread violations such as blocked exits, rubbish in basements, and wholesale disregard of the smoking regulations, he launched a blitz along the Great White Way which lasted until full compliance was secured.

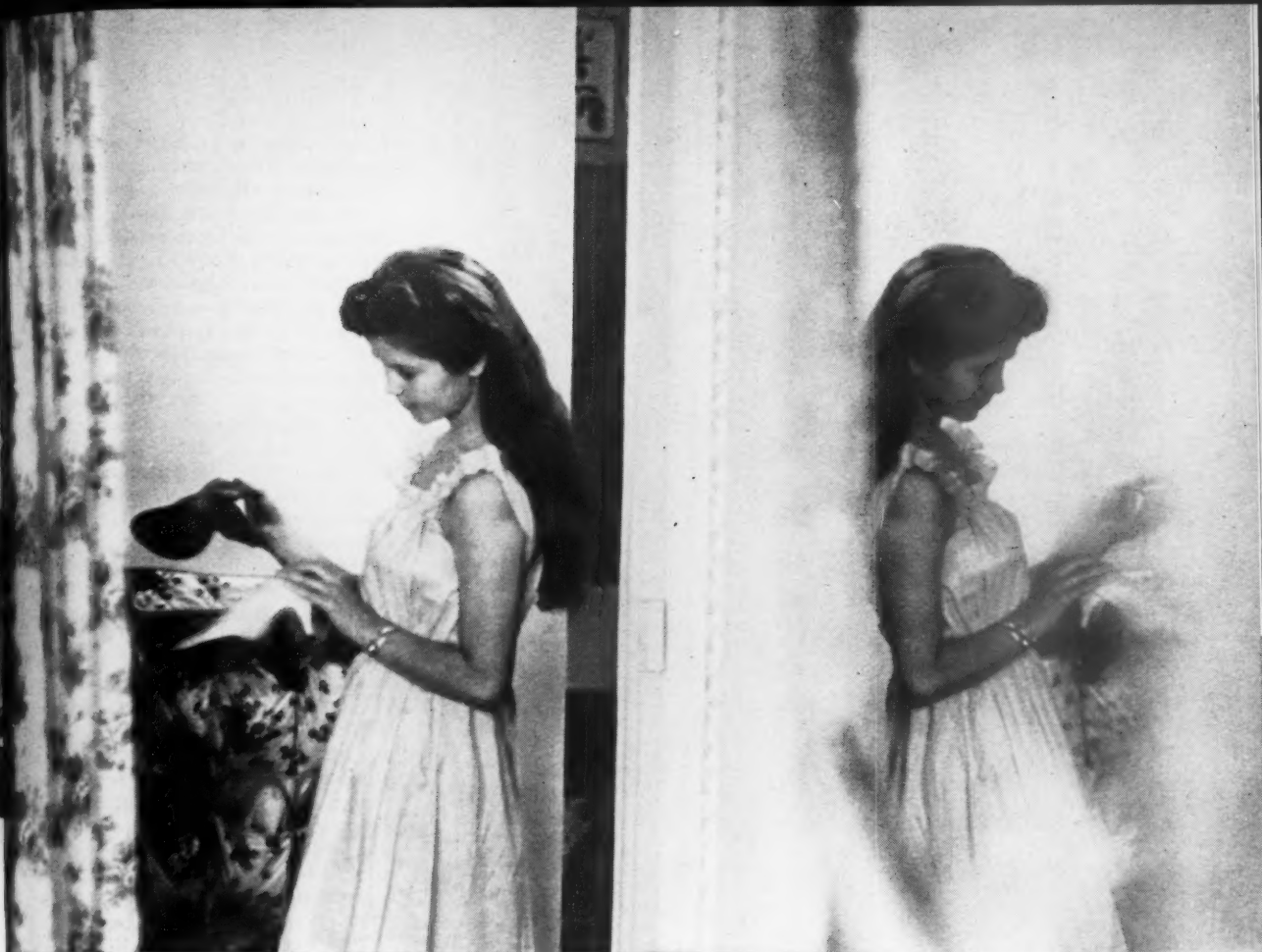
With a career such as he's had, Cavanagh (Continued on page 76)

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Typical French teen-ager, sixteen-year-old Marie-José: Her big worries, school and war, but not dating

Photos by Edouard Boubet—Réalités

FRENCH GIRLS

Novelist Françoise Sagan to the contrary, French girls are really quite normal, happy, and mature human beings. As this survey article by the editors of Réalités reveals, French teen-agers don't go steady, but definitely do worry about school examinations

The Editors of the French magazine Réalités conducted a national survey of sixteen-year-old girls in France. They asked several hundred girls many candid questions to discover their likes and dislikes, their hopes and fears, their religion or lack of it, their ambitions and hopes for the future, their attitudes toward parents, work, study, and boy friends. We think our readers will be interested in the surprising results of the survey.

LITTLE FRENCH girls, as anyone who has ever read Françoise Sagan knows, are well acquainted with life

long before they leave their teens. They spend their days discussing Sartre with young men as they await the distinguished middle-aged men with whom they spend their evenings. They lead a life as untrammelled as that of Mlle. Sagan herself, whose favorite hobby is driving a Jaguar barefooted. As for French parents, they merely adopt a philosophical, existentialist attitude as they wait for their daughter to return from her latest unmarried Riviera honeymoon.

But anyone who talks to a sixteen-year-old French girl soon has a different picture. Réalités has just finished talking to several hundred of them in a nation-wide survey whose findings would

send the teen-agers of the United States and Britain up in arms.

Miss Sagan's heroines notwithstanding, the French junior miss considers herself lucky if she is allowed out once a week to go to a party at a friend's house or to the movies. A large minority, for that matter, are only allowed out once every two weeks and only on the condition that their brothers go along to chaperone them.

Forty per cent of French sixteen-year-olds have yet to win the right to wear lipstick. They do drink wine with their meals, but that's because they're French, not because they've attained to sixteen. They seldom go out on dates and—this



TOP—Many French girls are deeply religious. Here, Marie-José consecrates herself to Our Lady

ABOVE LEFT—Helping out at nearby orphanage, Marie-José serves lunch to children in dining room

ABOVE RIGHT—At the orphanage Marie-José also teaches catechism to children in the early grades

RIGHT—Marie-José makes regular confession an important part of her weekly religious routine

is even more surprising—a girl's social standing is not measured by the number of telephone calls she receives from boys.

Réalités survey also dug up another fact which may prove startling to the readers of *Bonjour Tristesse*: French girls don't neck. The reason is that they never get the chance—discounting, of course, the garden variety of kissing carried on in movies or in protracted good-nights while the *concière* rumbles menacingly.

The reason why they never get the chance is equally simple: French boys don't have cars. To Papa, the family Renault or Citroën is not just a means of transport, it is also half a million francs on the hoof. If Junior is spoiled, by French standards, he may dash up and down the Boulevard St. Michel on a Vespa—but there's not much of a back seat on a European scooter.

What the typical French youngster of 1957 thinks is reflected in the replies to hundreds of questionnaires sent out by *Réalités*. They show, for example,

that girls from families where money is a problem don't have any illusions about what is ahead of them. They consider the period between fifteen and eighteen as a breathing spell before they have to struggle for an existence. Often, there is a pathetic quality about their happiness:

"Yes, I'm happy! Just think . . . I still don't know about all the worries awaiting me . . ." (Eliane Ferrec).

On the other hand, we had the impression that girls from wealthy or well-off French families are bursting with an impatience because they consider the age of sixteen merely as a page to be turned as quickly as possible.

We asked the girls questioned to keep a private journal and the diary of Danielle Berthelot sums up, in a rather disorganized manner, the reasons for her dissatisfaction.

"'You're so spoiled,' Maman tells me all the time. 'You've everything you need to be happy . . .'"

"What does she know about it? It's a mistake to think that girls of sixteen are happy. It's the worst age of all. Parents know where they're going—their route is all laid out for them. Ours isn't. We still have to face that terrifying *bac* (the baccalauréat examination at the end of French secondary school programs). We still don't know what career we should take up.

"And we're all alone. No one can really give us good advice. No, I'm not happy. I will be, two years from now. Then I'll be freer."

Danielle and other girls from well-off families are anxious to cast off their shells. They are optimistic about the future; they believe that the future will

solve most of their problems. They are in a hurry to begin living while French girls from poor families are somewhat afraid to start struggling.

Whether she is happy or tormented, the French girl of 1957 is not feather-brained. Her studies are the main thing on her mind. "Passing my baccalauréat," "Passing my typing examination," "Passing my Latin;" we always heard the same refrain in France when we asked the question: "What is your biggest problem at present?" A few answered "war" or "science and the end of the world." Only one admitted: "I have a lover. I want to know if it's normal at my age." But the great majority of French girls place an absolute priority on their studies.

French girls do not take politics very seriously. Their favorite statesman of all time is Napoleon. Runners-up in their esteem are President René Coty of France, Cardinal Richelieu, and Louis XIV's minister Colbert.

Nearly all of them believe that a third world war is inevitable. And they're afraid of it, too, although most of them say they would want to participate in it as a nurse or as an ambulance driver.

They are much more interested in foreign affairs than in French domestic politics. French girls in their teens usually don't care a hoot about which party happens to be in power. But, in a confused way, they hope for a stable, "reasonable" government which would assure France lasting peace. They know very well how little they know about politics and they feel guilty about it.

"Serious matters like these will probably interest me much more later on. After all, I'll have to vote in elections and I want to know whom I'm voting for!" (Dominique Reinhard).

Although the average French girl may sound rather naïve in politics, don't underestimate her intelligence. If her interest has been aroused, she is quite capable of understanding anything.

Her mind, trained to a fine pitch by years of exacting French schooling, functions more efficiently than the minds of a good many adults. She is often a fearsome opponent in an argument (as many a French parent has learned at his own expense). She can become enthusiastic about new ideas. And there are no limits to her natural curiosity. She reads hungrily. On the average, she will read one book a week, although some overworked lycée students will swallow half-a-dozen. Her choice of literature varies enormously: some are still at the level of *Little Women* while others relish Dostoevsky.

French parents usually find they cannot attempt to dam or control this flood of literature. Most of the time, they



LEFT—She puts up well with the teasing of her younger brothers, and returns as good as she gets

BELOW LEFT—Collecting travel photos from magazines is one of the ways Marie-José passes her time

BELOW RIGHT—What to do with all that lovely hair poses another minor problem. Pigtales or ponytail?

BOTTOM—Heavy homework problem is excuse enough for long phone conversation with classmate





French girls like music with equal fervor. Jazz fans are often aggressive:

"Papa makes a point of adding to my collection of records but he always chooses records according to his own taste, usually operetta singers. I'm waiting for the day that I'll be able to buy some noise: Claude Luter, Louis Armstrong—all the bands that my father and mother can't stand" (Agnès Lefranc).

Classical music, however, is greeted even more enthusiastically. The ideal record collection for a young French girl would be much more classical than hot:

Those scientists say: 'Funny, the air's becoming radio-active!' but they never do a thing to stop it."

This is why French girls do not list atomic energy among the most important scientific discoveries of the twentieth century but stress radium and medical discoveries.

Certain French parents still forbid their daughters to associate with boys. The majority permit going out in groups or to parties.

"They only let me go out once in two weeks and only with my brother. They



Marie-José doesn't mind baking cakes or ironing her father's shirts to a mambo tune, but washing dishes is another matter



She finds her father strict but sympathetic, uses all her wiles to wheedle permission for a trip to the movies

trust their daughters and allow them to read anything they want. Besides, it is not very easy to startle a French sixteen-year-old. A few of them are vaguely shocked by certain terms in the works of Simone de Beauvoir or in realistic detective stories, but they're in a minority.

And Françoise Sagan is not their favorite author.

"She writes well, but she doesn't have anything in common with us. She's too cold and too blasé." (Hélène Vignaud).

"Françoise Sagan is our secret weapon: we use her to annoy our parents. The truth is, we only like her style. She lacks humanity. Her cynicism is just a pose." (Catherine Provost).

Films and plays (when they can afford them) are not merely entertainment to French girls but often stir passionate interest. Anything that interests a sixteen-year-old interests her passionately.

"When I tell my parents that I simply must see a certain play or film, they are completely unable to understand why I would be willing to go without food to pay for my seat if I had to. They don't understand intellectual curiosity: for them, the theater is just a pastime."

it would include Mozart, Beethoven, plenty of Strauss, a little Debussy, and a very few works by modern composers.

Our typical French girl is no art-lover, perhaps because painting and sculpture are somewhat neglected in her education. Like Renée Bordeneuve, she believes painting to be "a form of relaxation that elevates you at the same time."

There's nothing revolutionary about her tastes, either. She likes modern architecture, she has a definite weakness for Impressionistic painters, and she despises abstract art. Renoir and Van Gogh are her favorite painters.

Curiously enough, scientific progress seems to generate much more fear than enthusiasm. The French girl of sixteen has begun to think as a future wife and mother: above all, she is afraid of war. This explains why she looks upon atomic research with a good deal of suspicion.

"I guess we have to make scientific discoveries because every country does but, one day, they'll blow up everything. If they tried to cure incurable diseases with their discoveries, it would be a lot better, but every country has its pride: it has to go further than the others.

don't trust me." (Marie-Thérèse Oud-enot)

And all French parents turn white with fear if their daughter takes a liking to a boy and tries to go out alone with him several times a week. At this point, parents find themselves faced with a dilemma.

If they forbid these dates or limit them, their daughter becomes offended because they don't trust her. She tells them that she likes to be with boys not because she's immoral but because she likes to be attractive (which is quite normal). Boys are a new world for girls in France, for co-education is still rare.

"Mentally, Jean-Claude is almost my twin. But he looks at life much more calmly and philosophically. I like to learn a man's viewpoint."

Réalités survey showed that family rows about dates are confined mainly to well-off homes. As a rule, the daughter of a factory hand or a mason is faced with too many financial headaches to be very concerned about her freedom.

Obviously, the young French girl of 1957 is not a simple soul. She is realistic, unsteady, violent, easily offended, se-

creative, and idealistic all at once. However, this present crop of sixteen-year-olds is certainly the healthiest that France has ever known. This comes out as soon as you look at the opinions of these girls on three key subjects: religion, morality, and love.

Despite the hue and cry about French "atheism" often raised abroad, the French are a religious people and the French teen-ager is deeply religious. She will tell you that "religion plays a very big role in my life" or that it is "the absolute guide" of her conduct.

of dress rehearsal before the curtain really goes up. He knows it, too." (Nicole Raynal)

These girls take marriage seriously, although a few live in a dream world:

"I want my husband to be a journalist-photographer like Willy Rizzo of *Paris-Match* (the French counterpart of *Life*). Still, if he is big and unconventional with a Marlon Brando hair-cut and a blue jacket with gold buttons and if he is kind and understanding, I won't care what he does for a living." (Caroline Michaux)

allow her to give up all outside work.

She intends to manage the family budget and manage it well:

"We'll put a little money aside every month." (Juliette Mercier)

She will dote on her husband: "I'll try to cook wonderful meals. I'll know all his favorite dishes." (Odile Gilbert)

And she will do her best to keep a pleasant atmosphere in her home: "I hope that I'll be able to make his house a happy one despite all our daily troubles. The atmosphere in my home will always be pleasant and relaxed, and



With her brother, far left, she gets a chance to chat with boys at a sidewalk cafe. This doesn't occur often



Still something of a child, Marie-José goes to bed early every night except Saturday. She takes a favorite teddy-bear with her

Often, it is tightly linked to her ideas about marriage.

"I would rather break an engagement than marry a man without religious beliefs." (Yvonne Arbois)

When it comes to love, the modern French sixteen-year-old is both romantic and well-informed. Since she is informed (in most cases, by her friends, not her parents), she knows all there is to know about physical love but she is not able to imagine it very clearly.

She is still capable of falling in love with a person whom she seldom sees—a teacher or the friend of a big brother—although not as often as at the age of thirteen or fourteen.

However, at sixteen, she is much more likely to be in love with a boy two or three years older than she is. These little flirtations may have a violent effect, but they don't last very long. Most French girls, even the ones who are head over heels in love, have a large supply of common sense and they know that teen-age crushes don't last forever.

"What about Jean-Claude? Of course I love him. But, deep down, something tells me that Jean-Claude is only a sort

In general, however, a young man needs more than a Marlon Brando hair-cut to win the heart of a French girl. He has to be able to display a wide range of sound qualities. Girls from well-off families want their fiancés to be "good, intelligent, energetic, sensitive, and delicate." In poorer families, they want a husband "who will be kind, hardworking and faithful," "who won't spend all his time in cafés."

Here, the age-old moral foundations of France become quite evident and the modern French girl is every bit as realistic and practical as her grandmother was. Listen to Marie-France Perrier: "The vocation of a woman is to be a mother. By giving woman this role, God granted her almost supernatural happiness."

The average French girl wants a large family (five or six children) and she doesn't want to marry either too young or too old. The right age, she believes, is twenty-two or twenty-three. She plans to work in the early years of her marriage, but then she intends to devote herself to her children (in other words, she wants a husband who will be able to

strangers will always be welcome there." (Christine Pelissier)

Here, again, there seems to be another revolution in the making. Modern French girls all have a sense of hospitality and they dream of a house full of relatives, friends, or even casual acquaintances, as compared to the traditional French attitude of living behind the walls of a castle and entertaining guests in cafés or restaurants.

They are impatient to start raising a family. Often, they've even chosen the names of their children.

None of this, of course, bears any resemblance to the jazz-mad youngsters of St. Germain-des-Prés or the heroines of certain novels. You realize this as soon as you hear a sixteen-year-old tell you how much she is looking forward to becoming a grandmother or "to taking my grown son to the altar while the organ plays Bach."

The sixteen-year-old French girl of 1957 may appear to be unstable, but that is only a surface appearance. Below all this, she is serious and level-headed and it is a safe bet that France will be in good hands when she grows up.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARION RUBINSTEIN



East meets West at Barry College, Miami Shores, Florida, as Margarita Kumata in Japanese kimono strolls on campus with American schoolmate Cynthia Dogg

Growing up in wartime Japan, Margarita feared Americans, but now finds them "a wonderful people." Below, she discusses a term paper with roommate Sally Porter

EAST MEETS WEST

IN THE SOUTH

*At Miami's Barry College
Margarita Kumata is
majoring in home economics
and learning something
about the meaning of America
A SIGN PICTURE STORY*





GARBED IN KIMONO, MARGARITA MAKES STRIKING MODEL FOR ART STUDENTS IN CLASS CONDUCTED BY BARRY'S SISTER MARY JOSEPH, O.P.

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Margarita demonstrates the tricky art of putting on the Japanese kimono for fellow students Sally Porter, left, and Rose Marie Brodeur. Sister Mary Paul, O.P., watches



Since Margarita plans to teach when she returns to Japan she is acquiring the necessary education credits by teaching home economics to teen-age girls at nearby North Miami High School



Ewing Gallowsay

Twenty-three per cent of our schools do not offer physics and chemistry

What has h

There is a pressing need in planning for careers in these

THE ALARMING DISCOVERY that Russia is outstripping the United States in the training of engineers and scientists has brought in its train an agonizing reappraisal of the adequacy of our system of elementary and secondary education.

Educators are beginning to ask why, in this age of technology and specialization when the American economy has a pressing need for engineers and scientists (not to mention physicians, teachers and administrators in government), so few of our high school graduates are planning to prepare for careers in these fields.

This year our secondary schools will turn out the largest crop of graduates in the history of the country. Yet only two out of twenty, according to the projections, will complete a course in a college or university and only a small percentage of these will make engineering or the sciences their principal field of study.

Why, we may ask, do these careers attract so few? Certainly not because the material rewards are unattractive. Each June, representatives of industry frantically comb the campuses of our colleges and universities for scientifically trained seniors. As inducement, they offer starting salaries of from \$450 to \$550 a month, opportunities for advanced study, and assurance of steady advancement to positions paying from \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year.

No, it is not lack of monetary incentive that explains why our young men shun engineering and scientific studies. They shun them, so many of our educators have concluded, because they leave high school insufficiently prepared to undertake them and because they are imbued with the idea that such studies are too tough and require too much home study.

The fact is, as many of our educational experts have pointed out, a sub-

stantial percentage of our high schools no longer offer their students elementary instruction in mathematics and the sciences.

As Professor Frederick L. Fitzpatrick, of Teachers College, Columbia University, has summed up the situation, "The average student arrives on the doorstep of college without any recent background in mathematics or physical science, and if he even had science interests they probably have been blunted by time and lack of cultivation."

The seriousness of the shortage of scientifically trained specialists cannot be exaggerated. For the United States to fall behind in the production of them would be a calamity of the first magnitude. For we desperately need engineers and research scientists not only to maintain our highly mechanized economy but to keep ahead in the development of nuclear weapons and the means of laying them down on the target in order to safeguard our nation from attack.

Yet, that we are falling behind the Russians is beyond question. Hardly a day passes that a warning is not sounded in high places. So eminent an expert as Dr. Edward Teller, sometimes called "the father of the H-bomb," recently told a meeting of aviation leaders:

"Ten years from now, the best scientists in the world will be found in Russia. Nothing can be done to alter that situation. It is too late to keep the lead in sciences. I am interested in recapturing it."

Even to catch up with the current need for engineers would require annually several thousand more engineer graduates than we are now graduating.

The National Research Council estimates that this spring the demand in the field of engineering for new graduates will probably be about 60,000. But we are graduating only about 25,000. Moreover, the rate of production of college-trained specialists in engineering is going steadily down. In 1954, for example, we graduated only half as many as we did in 1950.

The insufficiency of our output of engineering and science graduates is even more apparent when we contrast it with that of the Russians. Lieutenant General Donald L. Putt, Chief of Staff Development of the United States Air Force, is authority for the statement that in 1956 the U.S.S.R. graduated two and one-half times as many science and engineering students as we did.

Moreover, the Russians have more than double the number of science and engineering students in their higher institutions of learning that we have. In 1956, the Russians graduated about 65,000 engineering and science students, but, according to present estimates, it will be 1964 before we are able to push the number of our graduates up to 40,000.

How, we may ask, do the Russians keep their universities filled with engineering and science students, while the number of such students in our higher educational institutions continues to dwindle? The answer, in large measure, lies in what the Russians are doing at the secondary level, where the foundation for university study must be laid.

An exhaustive report on the Soviet educational system has been spread upon the records of a subcommittee of the House Committee on Education and Labor by John A. Kennedy, a newspaper editor of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, who, with his wife and daughter, studied the Soviet schools in the Spring of 1956. From what he observed, he concluded that the Soviet elementary and high

JOHN C. O'BRIEN, head of the Washington Bureau of the Philadelphia Inquirer, has for many years been a Contributing Editor of THE SIGN.

by JOHN C. O'BRIEN

What happened to our schools?

in the United States for engineers and scientists. Why are so few high school graduates in these fields? Is it because high schools do not prepare them well enough for these careers?

school system is the "toughest" in the world.

Unlike our secondary system, the Russian system is not divided into elementary and high schools. A ten-year course covers roughly the time our students spend in the two divisions of our system. For most Russian youths between the ages of seven and seventeen in the urban areas attendance is mandatory, and compulsory education is being pushed rapidly into the rural areas. The students go to classes six days a week for nearly ten months in the year, and their homework ranges from two and one-half to six hours a day.

Throughout the time the Russian pupil is in the grades corresponding to our high-school years, great emphasis is placed upon mathematics, physics, chemistry, and related subjects.

In the Russian schools there are no electives. Every pupil is required to take mathematics and the sciences, including a year of biology. In sharp contrast, in most of our high schools these subjects are electives. More and more our high-school students are avoiding them. A student who takes these "skull exercises" is regarded by many of his fellow students as not quite normal. Dr. Teller relates that his fourteen-year old son tried to hide his scientific interests for fear of being looked upon as a "square."

A recent study of mathematics education in our high schools showed that the number of pupils taking mathematics has been growing less year by year. In 1900, for example, algebra was studied by 56 per cent of all high school students. In 1955 the percentage was less than 25. Twenty-seven per cent of high school students carried geometry in 1900, only eleven per cent in 1955. In 1900, 19 per cent studied physics. By 1953, the percentage had dropped to four.

What is more, the number of pupils taking mathematics decreases from grade

to grade in high school. A study by a mathematics specialist of the United States Office of Education for the year 1952-53 revealed that thirty-four per cent of the sophomores in a selected group of 857 high schools were taking mathematics. As the subject increased in difficulty, a large percentage of the students dropped it. Only 23 per cent of the juniors were continuing the subject and only 11 per cent of the seniors.

Moreover, in many of our high schools a student who wished to take mathematics and the sciences would not be able to do so for the reason that the schools did not offer such courses. Ac-

cording to studies by the United States Office of Education and the National Science Foundation, 24 per cent of our schools do not teach geometry and twenty-three per cent offer no physics or chemistry.

The conditions just described, it should be noted, exist mainly in the public schools. For most Catholic high schools and most private preparatory schools still adhere to the basic content of the curricula that was more or less general in high schools half a century ago. While some election of course is permitted in these schools, mathematics, the sciences, Latin, and a modern lan-

Estimates are that only two out of every twenty high school graduates will complete a course in a college or university



guage still hold their traditional place in the course of study.

The change in the type of instruction that has taken place in the last 50 years is the result of a new concept of the function of secondary education. At the beginning of the century, the high schools considered it to be their main function to prepare for college, and the curricula were controlled by the needs of the colleges and the universities.

Fifty years ago, graduates of the elementary schools who planned to follow one or another of the skilled trades got their training in apprenticeships to trained workers in shops and factories. Now much of this kind of training is provided in our secondary schools. Where American high schools were once college preparatory in character, they have now become a complete post-primary, self-sufficient school for all adolescents between the ages of twelve and eighteen.

The last fifty years has seen a vast increase in the enrollment in the high schools. As was pointed out in the American Council of Education's report to the President's Committee on Education Beyond the High School, the student enrollment in high schools has increased from 700,000 in 1900 to roughly 7,000,000 today. In 1900, the high schools took only 11.5 per cent of the eligible pupils; today they take care of 80 per cent.

To meet the needs of this broadened enrollment, the secondary schools have been compelled to dilute their courses of instruction, with results that are now being deplored by many educators.

Deans of admission in our privately supported colleges and universities are complaining about the increasing amount of remedial spelling, reading, mathematics, and science training that has to be given college freshmen.

The commanding officer of the Army training program at Fort Knox, Kentucky, Major General Paul A. Disney, complained recently that he has had to

set up "transitional training units" to prep substandard recruits in the three R's before they can begin basic training.

"These high-school graduates," he declared, "can't spell, their English composition is bad, and their handwriting is in the form of hieroglyphics. Schools are teaching a lot of fancy things and not enough of the three R's."

A similar complaint has been voiced by Dr. Maynard M. Boring, President of the Society of Engineering Education.

"During the past century," he said, "our public schools have been forced into an educational program geared to the average youngster. The teaching of mathematics and science has degenerated enormously as these subjects no longer are compulsory."

An inevitable result of the steady decline in the number of pupils who study mathematics and the sciences in the high schools is a critical shortage of competent teachers of these subjects. In 1956 we graduated only 2,121 general-science teachers to staff our 28,000 high schools. A large number of these, moreover, did not enter the teaching profession but took better paying jobs in industry and government. Progress in the development of nuclear energy rests largely upon the research of the physicists. Yet, in 1956 we graduated only 228 physics teachers capable of teaching at the high school level.

It is small wonder, therefore, that a large percentage of teachers attempting to instruct our high school pupils in mathematics and the sciences have never taken such courses in college. According to the Carnegie Corporation, one-third of the states do not even require mathematics for certification of mathematics teachers.

Even the colleges and the universities are experiencing great difficulty in finding and retaining mathematicians and science teachers with advanced training in their specialties. Fewer and fewer college students are entering the teach-

ing profession, and mathematicians and scientists among the college faculties are being lured away by the higher salaries and superior research facilities offered by industry.

To state the problem that confronts our secondary schools apparently is easier than proposing a solution. For, while scores of educators have put their fingers on the weaknesses of the system, few have come forward with concrete suggestions for eliminating them.

The President's Committee on Education Beyond the High School has stressed the need for more classrooms, more and better trained teachers, and more scholarships for students unable to defray the cost of a college education.

But this offers no answer to the problem of the inadequacy of the preparation in many of our high schools for work in mathematics and the sciences at the college level or the failure of students, allowed to pick and choose courses, to elect these difficult subjects.

The election system has become so firmly fixed that it may be too late to return to the traditional compulsory curriculum of which mathematics and the sciences have always been a part. But the supply of high-school graduates prepared for and capable of undertaking engineering and science studies in the colleges might be increased if a suggestion of the Rev. Edward B. Rooney, S. J., executive director of the Jesuit Educational Association, were to be tried out.

He believes that a large number of students who could be prepared for scientific studies are lost because of the lack of proper guidance and counseling while they are in high school. His proposal is that high-school teachers make a special effort to identify early those students who could profit from higher education and so direct their courses of study that by the time they finish high school they would be not only prepared for but interested in undertaking engineering and scientific careers.



Lt. General Putt claims the U.S.S.R. graduated two and one-half times more scientists than the U. S. did

Dr. Teller, "the Father of the H-bomb," says, "Ten years from now the best scientists in the world will be found in Russia"



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**Lives of great men tell us
how they lived. The life of Jesus
was originally written to tell
us how He died. This basic
fact goes to the very heart of the
meaning of Christianity**

by GERARD ROONEY, C. P.

THE MYSTERY OF CALVARY

Lives of great men are written to tell us how they lived. The life of Christ is written to tell us how He died.

Inspired by God, four men wrote about the life of Jesus. Essentially, they are joyous writings. In fact, we call them "The Gospel," that is, "The Glad Tidings" sent by God to mankind.

Yet, in recording these "glad tidings," each of these human authors appears more intent to tell us about the death of Jesus than about His wondrous life. Why is this?

At the conclusion of his account of Jesus, St. John remarks: "There is much else besides that Jesus did: if all of it were put in writing, I do not think the world itself would contain the books which would have to be written." (John 21:25)

Yet, strangely enough, out of all these wondrous things which Jesus did and said, the sacred authors, led by the Holy Spirit, are content to relate comparatively only a handful. Moreover, when relating the happenings of Our Lord's earthly life, they move rapidly from one incident to another, often without regard for connecting up the scattered situations.

But, when they come to relate Our Lord's sufferings, His trial and death, they slow their pace, they halt their pens and are keenly careful to set forth the painful details. Why this

emphasis on the death of Our Saviour?

It is an astonishing thing to see that in the Gospel according to Saints Matthew, Mark, and Luke nearly one-sixth of the text is devoted to relating the death of Jesus, with the event immediately preceding it. Still more astonishing is the Gospel of St. John, where we find nearly one-third of the text devoted to this all important subject! Why is this?

These writers were witnesses to Jesus. They devoted all their energies to His work. For Him they enthusiastically lived and gladly died. They wanted to tell the world about Him and to bring the world, a trophy, to His feet. Yet, when they wrote about His life, the Holy Spirit impelled them to focus their attention on His death. Why?

From start to finish, everything they wrote converges on that mysterious death. At the outset, each evangelist sounds a note of imminent conflict, of coming tragedy. Matthew shows the political power bent on destroying Jesus. Mark describes the spiritual representatives of the people jealously watching Jesus. Luke relates His birth and immediately indicates how He will be a sign of contradiction for many in Israel, while a sword of sorrow will pierce His mother's heart. John's outlook is more cosmic as he sees in Christ's entrance into the world a definitive

battle looming between light and darkness.

Why is this? Why this tremendous emphasis on the death of Jesus? Are they simply trying to establish His innocence before the world? Certainly they make it crystal clear that Jesus was innocent. The entire structure of the four Gospels shows the intense sincerity of Jesus pitted against the elementary passions of jealousy, of pride and avarice, which eventually brought about His death. They quote Jesus as challenging the Jews to find any sin in His life. They show Judas rushing around bewailing that he has sinned in betraying innocent blood. They portray Pilate as publicly declaring his official examination of the case reveals no fault in Jesus. They report the thief crucified alongside Jesus as shouting to the mob that the Man beside him has done no wrong. Into the record they write that the army officer in charge of the execution remarked when he saw Jesus die that he had just witnessed the death of a just man, while his fellow guards, puzzled and fearful, are quoted as saying: "This was undoubtedly the Son of God!" (Matt. 27:54)

Yes, the sacred writers appear to be at pains to make clear that Jesus died innocently, a victim of the grossest injustice. But, like every gross injustice,

this only highlights the mystery of the suffering.

The mystery grows deeper when we read this tremendous death was foreknown by God, foretold by God, and willed to take place by divine decree.

For ages it was written about by the prophets of God. When it was all over, the risen Christ appeared to His disciples and reminded them: "Did not the Christ have to suffer these things before entering into His glory?" (Luke 24:26) Saint Luke adds: "Beginning then with Moses and all the prophets, He interpreted to them in all the Scriptures the things referring to Himself." (Luke 24:27)

But, though it was foreseen as emerging from the wickedness of men and though it was divinely decreed, yet Jesus is shown as making it perfectly clear that He freely submits to it of His own accord: "No one takes My life from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have the power to lay it down and the power to take it up again." (John 10:18) When Peter sought to defend Him, He said: "Do you imagine that I cannot call upon My Father, and even now He will furnish Me with more than twelve legions of angels? But how then are the Scriptures to be fulfilled . . .?" (Matt. 26:53)

Jesus then died innocently—and He died with perfect freedom because He willed to die. But why? What good was this death? Of what advantage to God? What benefit to man?

An impressive answer comes from the fact that Jesus declared He is "The Way." Every great religious leader is a teacher. And every great teacher knows well that his conduct must set the seal on his teaching. Nowhere more than on Calvary does Jesus teach so persuasively, so vividly, so clearly.

The Passion and Death of Jesus Christ does present us with an epitome of Christian conduct. But the mystery of Calvary lies far deeper than pedagogy. Jesus Himself indicated the basic reason when He declared: "The Son of Man has come not to be served, but to serve, and to give His life as a ransom for many." (Matt. 20:28)

Even as He was establishing the everlasting memorial of His death, He stated: "This is My blood of the new covenant which is being shed for many unto the remission of sins." (Matt. 26:28)

Hence it was that John the Baptist, divinely enlightened as to the real mission of Christ, exclaimed to the people: "Behold the Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world!" (John 1:29)

The mystery of Calvary is nothing less than the redemption of mankind. On Calvary God has established the great turning point of history. This tremendous reversal of the main current of human history is brought about in two ways by the death of Jesus Christ: by atonement and by a limitless outpouring of new life.

It was fitting that someone who was good enough and big enough should go to God and on the part of sin-laden mankind tell Him we were sorry for all the horrible crimes, all the iniquity that ceaselessly flows from our responsibility. This was the primary work of the God-Man, who, as God, was worthy to be heard and, as Man, was fittingly our representative. Christ is thus the Great Mediator between God and man.

The torment of Calvary, lovingly endured, was the mighty way in which Jesus Christ righted the moral balance of the universe, restored the delicate bond of mutual good will between God and man. "He died for our sins" is a basic teaching of Christianity. Our reconciliation with God was the primary effect of the great apology.

But this was only the beginning. The full reason for the mystery of Calvary is as boundless as "the wis-

• Night conceals a world, but reveals a universe.—*Irish Digest*

dom of God and the power of God." (Cor. 1:25)

In giving us the final answer, Jesus directs our attention to the way the creative power of God works in nature. Every autumn we behold the world about us dying; the flowers wither, the grass dies, and the leaves fall from the trees. The cold winter months settle in and all is bleak and dreary. Then comes God's miracle of springtime and we behold the whole earth re-awakening, as the freshening verdure of the fields, the budding of trees and pushing forth of plants all announce a birth of new life.

The farmer is familiar with the wondrous power God has placed in every seed. He knows how the seed sinks into the dark, moist earth; how it decays and falls apart; but instead of completely dying, part of it survives, and by the power placed in it by God, the seed begins anew to organize the elements of the decaying world about it, and, behold, comes forth the miracle of life from death, a bursting forth of a new world of verdant trees, rich vegetation, and colorful, fragrant flowers!

No one can even remotely fathom the vast extent of this creative power

of God. It is indeed impressively manifested in nature. The dying seed springing up into the new life is a vivid example. The newborn plant continually multiplying itself in ever more numerous plants overwhelms us with mystery. The tremendous energies hidden away in the tiny atom and released with terrific force when the innocent atom is smashed makes us gasp as we try to imagine the boundless uncreated energy of God!

What wonder, then, if the God-Man, mocked and scourged, bruised and broken in bodily frame, should declare Himself the source of new life for all mankind!

But this is precisely the mystery of Calvary. For He declared this His divinely designed death should become the gateway to greater glory. He said: "The hour has come for the Son of Man to be glorified. Believe me when I tell you this: a grain of wheat must fall into the ground and die, or else it remains nothing more than a grain of wheat. But if it dies, then it yields up rich fruit." (John 12:23)

He was crucified, died, and was buried. The third day He arose again from the dead, as He foretold. And in His resurrection, mankind arose to a new life! He assured us, "As the Father raises the dead and He gives them life, so the Son also gives life to whom He will." (John 1:12)

This, then, is the heart of the mystery of Calvary; sin is atoned for and Our Saviour wins for us a second chance at life everlasting. The God-Man dies for our sins, and in dying He asks each of us to die to our egoism in order to live unto Him. He asks us to die to our falsehoods and live according to His truth; to die to our wrong and live by His right; to die to our evil and live for His good. He does this not merely by teaching us "the way" of life. He wins for us and offers us and gives as many as will receive it—His own divine life. In this way a new race of mankind is created. The advancement of mankind on every conceivable plane of progress is assured. Calvary is the nucleus of a new world (II Cor. 5:17), a new heaven and new earth (Apoc. 21:1), which God's omnipotence is even now creating out of this old world dying all around us. With Calvary the long night of human despair was ended and the glorious day of hope was ushered in. For the most thrilling thing about the death of Christ is that God became Man to make men gods. This divine rebirth comes to us through the life-giving death of Jesus. This is the wondrous mystery of Calvary.

STAGE AND SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER

Reviews in Brief

Fred Astaire, a memorable Gershwin score, the city of Paris, Kay Thompson, and Audrey Hepburn are, in order, the assets of a superb family musical, **FUNNY FACE**. A modernized version of the Broadway hit, this is merely another variation on the age-old Cinderella theme, with Astaire as a fashion photographer and dancing Miss Hepburn in the role of an *avant garde* salesgirl. The color photography is brilliantly effective, and there are several novel techniques employed in the presentation. Everything about *Funny Face* is elegant, bizarre, and entertaining. It is one of the best screen musicals in years. (Paramount)

LIZZIE is indeed a three-faced woman, a girl of triple personality who is torn between good, evil, and a neurotic in-between. As a case history of a mentally distraught young lady, this is interesting, but as entertainment for adults it is on the bland side. Played by Eleanor Parker, the girl is by turn drab, wanton, and sweet, as psychiatrist Richard Boone probes her subconscious and encourages the normal side of her personality to assume control. Suggestiveness is rampant in the scenes wherein Lizzie is dominant, and some of the subject matter is on the questionable side. This is merely fair entertainment, with Joan Blondell, Hugo Haas, and Ric Roman supporting the stars. (M-G-M)

THE STRANGE ONE is based on Calder Willingham's *End As a Man*. It is a story of a mentally disturbed young man's impact and influence on his classmates in a southern military college. Filmed in the currently popular, terse, "realistic" style, it is an unappetizing concoction, choppy in presentation, often confusing as a result to those who are unfamiliar with the story. The defiant, swaggering cadet of the title is out to force the resignation of a Major who had disciplined him before the entire corps. To do that he will



Audrey Hepburn is a salesgirl turned model in "Funny Face," variation on Cinderella theme

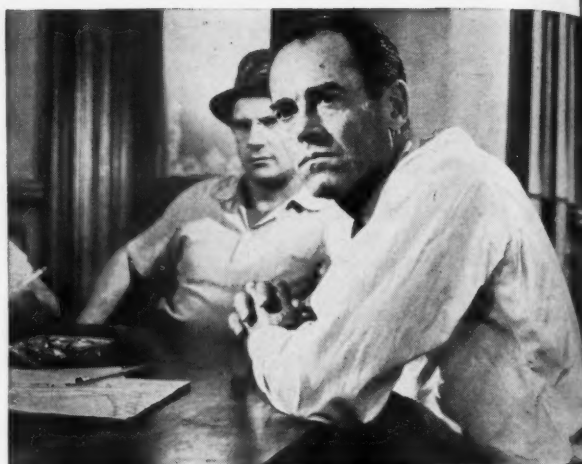
stop at nothing. His depravity, the implied disrespect for authority, and suggestions of a more sordid nature are sufficiently underscored to mark this unacceptable as motion picture entertainment for any audience. (Columbia)

Jury room drama is more suited to the television screen than to the theater, but in **TWELVE ANGRY MEN**, an expanded version of the *Studio One* play, the transition is artfully accomplished. This is a stern and forceful drama, probing the emotions, motives, and intellectual capacities of a jury debating a murder verdict. On the first ballot the vote is eleven-to-one for guilty. The holdout, played in familiar monotone by Henry Fonda, gradually swings the others to his point of view. There are some powerful and some unbelievable passages in this salute to our pattern of justice. It is excellently performed by Ed Begley, Jack Warden, E. G. Marshall, Lee Cobb, and Edward Binns, but the net result inclines more toward TV drama than motion picture fare. (United Artists)

Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas team up in a mood Western called **GUNFIGHT AT O K CORRAL**, a deliberate, tense, and generally interesting flashback to the days of Wyatt Earp, his friends, and his enemies. Flanked by Rhonda Fleming, Jo Ann Fleet, and John Ireland, the stars stalk through this sagebrush charade with grim precision. Its general entertainment value is marred by the inclusion of a suggestive sequence, but even the casual moviegoer can detect the trail this follows. It is well acted in the tight-lip tradition. (Paramount)

Tyrone Power, Lloyd Nolan, and Mai Zetterling are involved in a gripping, provocative sea yarn in **ABANDON SHIP**, an adult drama concerned with the survivors of a shipwreck adrift in an overcrowded lifeboat. Power, as officer in command, is faced with the terrible decision of lightening the load by ordering a number of "expendable" survivors over

Mai Zetterling and Tyrone Power with other cast members in scene from "Abandon Ship"



Henry Fonda is a holdout member of murder jury in the dramatic "Twelve Angry Men"

the side. The dramatic potentiality of the situation is fully realized, even though the basic premise is debatable. The interpretations by the star trio and an all-British cast are expert, as is the photography and the technical effects. Ingenuity and restraint characterize the development of this thoroughly engrossing sea adventure. (Columbia)

Randolph Scott continues his gaunt, grim, cowpuncher assignment in **THE TALL T**, a surprisingly effective study of crime and punishment set amid the crags and boulders of a mountain hideout. Scott and Maureen O'Sullivan, daughter of a wealthy copper miner, are being held for ransom by a trio of vicious killers. The pattern is familiar but the performances are exceptional, with Richard Boone, Skip Homeier, and Henry Silva offering striking interpretations as the partners in villainy. Though produced on a modest budget, this is several notches above its more lavish competitors in concept and accomplishment. It is a taut and compelling character study, well acted and directed. (Columbia)

Stripped of its gorier detail, Robert Ruark's best-seller **SOMETHING OF VALUE** is a fascinating, melodramatic study of the Mau Mau terror in Kenya. Compressing the lengthy novel into a movie-size epic was a herculean chore, but one which pays exciting dividends in this instance. Although the vast and complex problem of colonialism and racial relationship is merely touched upon, the effect is emotionally gripping and dramatically valid. Performances from Rock Hudson, Wendy Hiller, Sidney Poitier, Dana Wynter, and Juano Hernandez are uniformly fine in this tense adult drama built around the terror of the Red-stained Mau Mau. Though the black-and-white photography is interesting, this would have benefited considerably by the use of color. (M-G-M)

Paddy Chayefsky's **THE BACHELOR PARTY**, also borrowed from the TV screen, is a realistic, occasionally touching, often sordid vignette in which moral values are more than slightly awry in practically every instance. When four young men from a New York office take a pal out for a bachelor dinner, the evening takes on the aspects of a pagan orgy, which becomes boring, depressing, and quite juvenile before the first touch of dawn cleanses the screen. In several scenes, Chayefsky's approach is morally indefensible and

quite offensive to Christian values. Despite deft performances, especially by Don Murray, E. G. Marshall, and Carolyn Jones, this "slice of life" is tawdry fare. (United Artists)

SPRING REUNION needs far more intimacy and charm than it receives in this tepid treatment. As a television comedy-drama, the story by Robert Alan Aurthur had warmth and humor in a sixty-minute recounting of a high-school reunion. Expanded to movie length, it lacks both impetus and clarity, with performers, director, and adaptor all falling by the wayside. Betty Hutton and Dana Andrews are unconvincing as classmates who meet fifteen years later, but silent-screen star Laura La Plante does create a genuine figure in a welter of cliché characterizations. A dull and unexciting charade. (United Artists)

The New Plays

Tennessee Williams is again prowling through the moral quagmires of the South in **ORPHEUS DESCENDING**, a bitter and tragic tale, reminiscent of a recent Williams movie in which decadence and depravity were commercialized to the hilt. The tragedy of Williams is the callous, almost determined, manner in which he is destroying a great talent. In this instance he is absorbed in the sleazy romance of a middle-aged woman and a young drifter who comes to the Mississippi town where she operates a dry-goods store. Their affair, carried on while the woman's husband lies dying upstairs, is a complex and monotonous misadventure made more unappetizing by the author's penchant for "meaty" dialogue. Williams is so intent on the dung-heap he has lost sight of the stars. For those who found *The Glass Menagerie* an exhilarating experience, each new Williams play is in the nature of a major disappointment.

Two of the season's recent failures are worth noting if only because they represent the mis-steps of a newcomer and of an established playwright. John Patrick, whose record is

capped by *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, stumbled badly with **GOOD AS GOLD**, a political satire which started out to spoof Congress and the FBI and wound up as badly confused as the most pathetic Potomac bureaucrat. John McLiam, in his first time out as a dramatist, found the going equally rough with **THE SIN OF PAT MULDOON**, in which James Barton, as an unregenerate, dying Irishman, tried to resuscitate a dull treatise by the most frantic, amateurish posturing Broadway has seen since his own *Tobacco Road*. He did not succeed.

Those who recall Beatrice Lillie and/or the **ZIEGFELD FOLLIES** in peak form had best avoid the current combination. The eminent, often imperious Lady Peel is completely wasted in a series of shabby sketches which impose no demands upon her and do no credit to her talent. She is by turn an airline stewardess who alarms her charges by singing "I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling"; a supermarket gossip with a yen for Arthur Godfrey; a high-society lady coping with a flabby asparagus stalk; and a Follies girl swinging out over the audience on a crescent moon. But the sketches fall as flat as the balance of the show, which is deadly dull and, on one occasion, appallingly vulgar, even for a Broadway revue. The Ziegfeld estate should sue for libel, and Miss Lillie should make a solemn promise to be more cautious in the future.

A HOLE IN THE HEAD brings Paul Douglas back to the theater after a decade of glaring into Hollywood cameras. This time he is blustering his way through a comedy-drama about a middle-aged roughneck with a heart of gold, a twelve-year-old son, a hotel in Miami, and a full quota of problems. The most important of these is to restore, or establish, a rapport with his motherless boy. Relatives, bill collectors, and his own fumbling shallowness all but sabotage his case. Douglas, and a good cast, bolster a mediocre plot, and the result is an agreeable, if never outstanding, blend of pathos, humor, and sentimentality.

Dana Wynter and Rock Hudson in a scene from "Something of Value," study of Mau Mau terror in Kenya





Mr. Fitz is a small, stooped, twinkling Irishman whom it takes an Irishman to describe properly, because the Irish don't fear adjectives like "sweet"

United Press

Jim Fitzsimmons has moment

Colonel Edward Riley Bradley was a gambler who would, he assured a Congressional committee, bet on anything. This trait is not ordinarily accepted as proof of Solomonic wisdom, but Colonel Bradley was not an ordinary man. Besides winning more bets than he lost, he bred four Kentucky Derby winners, and because his horses could run rapidly he acquired a reputation for awesome sagacity.

One of the many legends which have survived him insists that as late as the last Saturday in April he would let you pick a horse and would lay four to one that the steed wouldn't get to the post in the Derby one week later. True or false, the fact that horsemen believe this legend indicates what a fragile, temperamental, unpredictable critter the Thoroughbred is.

By the time these paragraphs are published, the 1957 Derby will be monopolizing space on the sports pages. However, this has to be written in advance, and it would be flying in the face of Colonel Bradley's advice to assume that the current favorite, Bold Ruler, would even start in the race, let alone win it.

It's best to settle for the devout hope that Bold Ruler does get there, because that would mean that Mr. Fitz would get there too. Nothing better could happen to any sports event or to the city of Louisville, Kentucky, or to people.

Mr. Fitz—James E. Fitzsimmons—is a small, stooped, blue-eyed, twinkling Irishman whom it takes an Irishman to describe properly, because the Irish don't fear adjectives like "sweet."

Mr. Fitz is in his eighty-third year, and seventy-two of those years have been passed in the sinful surroundings of gambling dens where the rich and famous court him, and the stable swipes and exercise boys count him a friend.

The span of his career can be measured thus: He was born on Long Island on the site where the Sheepshead Bay track had not then been built, and

Mr. Fitz

men that would drive a man to alcohol, but he's still just a one-drink man

by Red Smith

now that Sheephead Bay is scarcely a memory he is training the horse that may be best of the year. On the day in 1885 when Grover Cleveland started work as President, Jim Fitzsimmons started work as an exercise boy at Sheephead Bay. Four years later he was a jockey, though not then or ever, he says, a particularly good one.

When moderns mention night racing as a novelty, Mr. Fitz chuckles, remembering a ride under the lights on Long Island when he nearly knocked out his mount and himself trying to hold off a challenger in the stretch which he didn't recognize as his own shadow.

Increasing weight was his enemy, probably the only one he ever had. When he was too heavy to get enough mounts to support his bride, a man offered him an assignment demanding a punishing reduction in weight. For the \$100 he was to get if he won, Jim punished himself on the road and in the sweatbox. Wrapped in blankets, he sat in a lime kiln in heat so intense—the tale goes—that the marrow of his spine melted, and this, it is said, is why he has grown more and more stooped with the passing years. That's a layman's diagnosis, though.

He made the weight and won the race but the owner disappeared without paying him. Weak and bitter, he walked miles to his home, buoying his spirits with the thought of a pint of whiskey hidden in a closet for medicinal purposes.

He has never been more than a one-drink man and then only on rare occasions. Last year when he saddled Nashua for a rousing victory in the \$100,000 Widener Handicap at Hialeah, he confessed that at his age tough races like that took a lot out of him. "If I had many like that," he said, "I think I might have to have a cocktail afterward."

Anyway, when he tottered home that night in the long ago, he discovered the whiskey had been stolen.

Most biographies mention that Mr. Fitz did a stretch as trolley car jockey

in Philadelphia, which is almost true. When he grew too heavy to ride, a friend did get such a job for him but when he was about to take it another job intervened and he became a trainer.

On August 7, 1900, he tightened the girth on a filly named Agnes D. and watched her win at Brighton Beach for his first victory as a trainer. From there on—well, there were two Triple Crown winners, Gallant Fox and Omaha; there was a third Kentucky Derby winner, Johnstown; there were Faireno and Dark Secret and Nashua and so many, many others down to Bold Ruler.

Ask Mr. Fitz to name the greatest he ever trained and he would shy, lest by mentioning one he give offense to the owner of another which he had handled. Nudge him a little, and he might confess that his special favorite was Gallant Fox.

At least, Gallant Fox was the horse concerned in the only recorded case of Mr. Fitz touting anybody. Ordinarily Mr. Fitz discourages friends from betting on or against his horses, but he broke the rule once for Captain Patrick Irving O'Hay.

Captain O'Hay was a soldier of fortune, a real Richard Harding Davis hero who had fought all over the world, had held the rank of general in assorted banana revolutions, was widely known as a man around the Lambs Club, the Players, the Friars, the race track. He had admired Gallant Fox as a two-year-old and confided to Mr. Fitz his intention of betting him in the Kentucky Derby.

"Parlay him," Mr. Fitz advised, "through the Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes"—the Triple Crown. The horse won all three and the captain retired with his winnings to Taos, N.M., to build a plush motel which he named the Gallant Fox.

There's another yarn with all the ingredients of a fairy tale, which happens to be true. About ten years after the Gallant Fox episode, Captain O'Hay was dying in Taos. There was a Thor-

oughbred colt in the neighborhood which he had admired. Two men who operated a filling station, friends of the captain with the improbable names of Dalton Denton and Gaylord Burt, bought the colt and led him to the sick-room window.

As though he'd been schooled in Hollywood, the colt thrust his head through the open window and nickered. "He's yours," said Gaylord Burt or Dalton Denton.

Captain O'Hay got off his deathbed and went to training the horse. He took Gay Dalton to Mexico City and won everything in sight at the *Hipodromo de las Americas*—the *Handicap Presidencial*, the *Handicap de la Ciudad de Mexico*, the *Derby Mexicano*, the *Handicap de las Americas*, the *Handicap Hidalgo*, the *Handicap Jalisco*, the *Handicap Morelos*.

For two or three years, Captain O'Hay lived on benzedrine and Gay Dalton. After his trainer's death in Taos on October 19, 1944, Gay Dalton had only one more winning year. The horse came back to the United States and must have drifted to the bush tracks of the west, for now and then you come across a race program in some place like La Junta, Colo., and find a feature race named the Gay Dalton Handicap, as there is a Gay Dalton Handicap today in Mexico City.

This seems to be getting away from Mr. Fitz, though. Five years ago when Aqueduct was giving Mr. Fitz a silver plate "in appreciation of forty years of pleasant association," Joe Palmer wrote a piece about him in the *New York Herald Tribune*.

"He has," Joe wrote, "six great-grandchildren (this isn't a very recent count) and as fine a collection of racing stories as you'll find anywhere. This isn't quite the point. I suppose some quite unpleasant persons have saddled Derby winners, and there's no trick to having great-grandchildren once you get started. Mr. Fitz deserves a silver plate for just being him."



Happiness, the stranger told Laurie, co

The kitchen at six in the morning was bright and cheerful, but Laurie was scarcely aware of that as she washed her breakfast dishes and laid a fresh place for Ben. Her eye noticed instead the spotless linoleum, the gleam of chromium and porcelain, the freshly laundered curtains. Everything, in short, that showed what a good housekeeper she was.

Her husband, as she well knew, gave little thought to such things. Ben liked comfort, a regular routine, familiar objects where he expected to find them. He

took them for granted too, going off cheerfully each day to his job at the mill, coming back at night tired, but still cheerful, accepting Laurie and the dinner she served him with the same equanimity with which he took over his big chair and reading lamp, his pipe, the evening paper.

With one last look around, Laurie tiptoed up to the spare room, where she had laid out her new spring suit the night before. She dressed quickly, put on the wide brimmed hat with the pink rose on it, picked up her



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IN SHORT MEASURE

by Ethel Wentworth Hodsdon

Jo Polanso

cotton gloves and shiny plastic handbag.

At the head of the stairs she paused to peer through a partly open bedroom door. Ben lay in a tangle of sheets, one husky arm over his head. He looked young and defenseless with his flushed face and parted lips. Earlier in their marriage Laurie could never resist kissing him awake at such moments. But now her mind registered only the fact that he was dead to the world and that he needed a shave.

Back in the kitchen, she rifled the pages of a magazine, tore out what she wanted, tucked it into her purse. Then she scribbled a note for Ben, propped it against the sugar bowl. "I've decided to take the day off," it said. "There's a meat pie and snow pudding on the ice, if I'm not back for supper. Love, Laurie."

At 6:35 she slipped out the side way and stopped in dismay at the sight of muddy tracks on the front steps. Her eyes flew to the mat, where the culprit cringed, an insignificant tail twitching.

"Stubby," Laurie hissed, "you're a bad dog. Go home now. MARCH!"

She watched him slink through the hedge, then started up the street, past the silent houses, into town. Only a spindly little boy with a toothless grin saw her go.

"Lo, Laurie," he said and stopped bouncing his ball. "You're all dressed up. I betcha goin' on the cars, to Radio City. Hah?"

She looked past him, to the spiral of black smoke above the mill, the first newsboy on his bike, and she said quickly, "You mustn't pry, Jackie. It isn't polite."

In front of the market Joe Hubbell stood among the crates of vegetables, feet planted in a soggy mess of wilted cabbage leaves.

"Morning, Laurie," he called out. "Watch those pretty shoes, now."

She smiled her thanks, stepping gingerly, wrinkling her nose in distaste, her tidy soul outraged at the sight of a tomato can, half full of dirty water, among the oranges.

The ticket office wasn't open when Laurie reached the station, so she had time to get her breath and tighten the elastic on her hat, which would slide back on her head, loosening the heavy knot of red gold hair. She steadied it with a few extra pins, somewhat reassured by the face that stared back at her in the mirror above the chewing gum machine.

All that mass of hair, she thought. If she only had the courage to cut it off. She'd wanted to five years ago, before her mother died. But Mama had hated bobs, and Ben—he was only a roomer then, in Mama's boarding house—Ben

had said he did too. Maybe now he wouldn't notice. Then again, he might. You couldn't tell.

Frank Coe at the ticket window was the kind that would know what a girl looked like. Laurie remembered the winter when she was seventeen and he'd been a roomer, too, for a few months. Those stares of his had made her squirm, and she'd never liked him, even if he *did* bring her candy. But then, Laurie had never paid much attention to men, till Ben came along.

Frank now winked boldly as he stamped her ticket. "Goin' on a toot, Baby?" he said softly. "In such a floosie hat, too. Somebody ought to put a flea in Ben's ear."

"You owe me eight cents change," Laurie said stiffly and turned away in relief at the sound of the incoming train.

Once settled, with a seat to herself, she took out the page from the magazine and studied the heading: *SOME WIVES GET INTO RUTS. ARE YOU ONE OF THEM?* Then she read the article for the fourth time.

Such women, it said, had only themselves to blame, for husbands had a way of just accepting unthinkingly what was done for them. That was why a wife ought to take a day off now and then, do what *she* wanted to do, see what *she* wanted to see. The experience would be beneficial to her and to her family as well.

Laurie put the paper down and sighed. The trouble was she had no idea what she wanted to do or see because for three years now her only interests had been domestic ones. All her time had been spent in turning Mama's boarding house into a neat, well-ordered place.

She was in a rut, all right, a household rut, but how had she got there? Before Mama died she had wanted nice clothes and parties, and not much else. Why had she changed? Did it have something to do with Ben, and the way he felt about her now?

Maybe it was her fault, for loving Ben too much in the beginning, for now that she looked back, it was clear that he had never cared for her in the way she had wanted him too. He had known she was crazy about him, of course—it must have stuck out all over her—but marriage would never have occurred to him if it hadn't been for Mama's dying suddenly and Laurie's trying helplessly to keep the boarding house going because she didn't know what else to do.

It had just happened, that was all. Big, handsome Ben, carried away by an impulse to be kind. There had been that awful night in the cluttered kitchen,

when Laurie, having burned the dinner beyond salvaging, had announced between sobs that she couldn't go on. The house would have to be sold. She must find a job.

No, Ben had said quietly, this was her home and she must stay in it. He would see to that. And then, gulping once or twice, he had asked her to marry him. He was doing well at the mill, would be assistant engineer next year. No boarders from now on, he promised. In fact, he could afford to fix the house up real nice.

Laurie had wept in incredulous relief, grateful for his arm around her, and it wasn't until long afterward that she wondered whether Ben could have been thinking more of himself than her when he made his proposal. If she had sold the house that fall, Ben would have been out of luck. Most families didn't want to board mill folks.

Being married had been fun at first, doing the house over, making curtains, learning to cook. And Ben was certainly a contented husband. Too contented, perhaps, it seemed now. As if the transition from Mama's star boarder to Laurie's husband had taken place without his even knowing it. He had reached the point of accepting without thinking, just as the article said.

But the rut, that was Laurie's own fault, not Ben's. She had decided that she wasn't important to him as a wife, so she put all her energies into order and cleanliness, good food and shining surfaces. At first it had seemed enough. But lately there had been vague longings for something out of reach.

She looked out the window. The train was slipping through little towns along the river, where patches of dirty snow still lay in the hollows (though it was April) and a row of shacks squatted in mud.

Laurie closed her eyes. She shouldn't have come. There was nothing she wanted to see, and it would have been a good day to air the blankets and winter clothes.

It was ten o'clock when she left Grand Central Station and moved with the crowds across Forty-second Street toward Fifth Avenue. Now, for the first time she felt a quiver of excitement, wished she had made a definite plan for the day. The sun shone, but the wind blew gustily from the east. Laurie clutched her purse with one hand. With the other she steadied the big hat on her heavy, bronze-gold hair.

At Fifth Avenue she gazed at the Public Library, then let her eyes travel south, to the pinnacles of the Empire State and Chrysler buildings against the bright spring sky. Then she turned uptown, crossed at Forty-sixth Street to inspect a

HERMIT THRUSH

by D. B. STEINMAN

*Among the fragrant pines, in twilight hush,
I wandered where arbutus blooms; and there
The throbbing music of a hermit thrush
Came floating on the evening air:*

*Oh, holy, holy
Ah, purity, purity, purity,
Sing sweetly, sweetly, sweetly . . .*

*A golden flute-like note, prolonged and low,
And then a cadence of unearthly beauty rang
Like silver bells, ethereal, as though
A messenger from heaven sang:*

*Oh, holy, holy
Ah, purity, purity, purity,
Sing sweetly, sweetly, sweetly . . .*

mouth watering confection in Schrafft's window, only to recross later and stand in awed contemplation of a slim, sequined beauty displayed by Saks Fifth Avenue.

In the plaza at Rockefeller Center hyacinths in mauve and pink and white were banked facing the fountain. Young people in Easter finery with cameras swarmed in and out. The air was full of the sound of gay voices and trickling water, the intoxicating smell of flowers. Laurie stood, entranced.

Then suddenly a gust of wind sent her hat spinning toward the row of shops. She ran after it, conscious of a shower of hairpins, the knot at her neck slipping lower and lower. At that moment a tall, and at first glance, elderly man stepped from one of the doorways, picked up the hat, and held it out with a smile.

"Thank you," Laurie murmured, struggling with the few remaining hairpins while he flicked the pink rose with an immaculate handkerchief, "please don't bother."

But he helped her put the hat on, changing the position of a pin to anchor the elastic, and then made her sit down on a bench to catch her breath. "You're all excited, aren't you? Having a holiday from school, perhaps?"

He sat beside her as he spoke, and Laurie saw that he wasn't old, really. It was just that his hair had gone gray, and he had a look of being at home in the color and movement about them. The strange thing was that she did not feel at all disturbed by the knowledge that she was being *picked up*, something —so Mama had taught her—no nice girl ever permitted.

"Not from school," she laughed. "I'm a married woman, but I've only been here once before, and, well, there's an awful lot to see in a short time. I have to go home on the 3:42 train."

His smile was amused, kindly. "What shall you see first?" he asked.

"I haven't got a plan," Laurie said. "I guess I'll just have to take things as they come." And then she blushed and thought that now he would certainly think she was *asking* to be picked up.

But her companion did not seem to have noticed. "There's the Metropolitan Museum of Art," he said, "but it's too nice a day to spend indoors. How about the Cloisters?"

Her eyes widened. "A monastery?" she said, and, her embarrassment forgotten, listened while he explained that it was a sort of museum.

He smiled down at her. "I don't come to New York very often either," he said. "Suppose we see the Cloisters together."

Laurie hesitated, but only for a second. Mama would have not approved. Neither would Ben. And this might

easily be what Frank Coe had meant by, "Goin' on a toot, Baby?" And yet she felt almost carefree as she answered, "Oh, could we? Is there time?"

And later, as the Number 4 bus lumbered up Fifth Avenue, and the buildings gave way to the green reaches of Central Park, she thought with surprise about the differences in people. Some of them you could see every single day and not know a thing about them. And then there would be someone like this, without even a name, who made you feel so *sure* about the important things, that somehow all the rest didn't matter.

She sighed happily. "I never thought I'd be doing this," she said.

"The nicest things are the unexpected ones," he answered. "I found that out a long time ago. So I'm often in a receptive mood. And sometimes," his eyes twinkled, "I even nudge fate a little. Speak to a stranger, buy a ticket to an unknown destination, do something I've always wanted to do and never have."

Laurie nodded quickly. "I've always wanted to cut my hair," she said, "only I've never had the courage."

"Hair is sure to grow again," he said with gravity. "Not like a finger, you know,—or an ear."

"Ben might not like it," she murmured.

"Your husband?" he said, and when she nodded, "Well, you never *can* be sure about husbands until you confront them with the fact, can you?" And now he seemed to be laughing at himself.

Then he was grave again. "I'm afraid I was cross with Clarissa for letting her hair grow," he said. "But I liked it later."

"Clarissa—your wife," said Laurie.

He nodded. "We were married while we were still at the university, years ago, when the boyish bob was *in* and curls were *out*. Clarissa had the courage to defy fashion—and me."

"And now you wouldn't have it different?" she asked.

"There's only one thing I would have

different about Clarissa," he said in an odd tone, looking away.

Not wanting to ask any more questions, Laurie looked away too, at the brown expanse of the river, where the wind was cutting a swath of vivid green. Later, when they reached Fort Tryon Park, she forgot everything else, as the atmosphere of the old world took hold.

They wandered about for an hour, now in the shadow of the cloisters themselves, now in a sunlit garden, where bits of the river were framed in a groined arch or seen through a mist of green leaves. They bought postcards and sat on a stone, warm from the sun. And there was a small boy with a toothless grin like Jackie's who hung about and finally demanded, "Please, Mister, what's your name?"

"Chipping," was the answer, "Chip, to my friends." And there was something about his voice, the warmth of his smile, that sent a tingle of regret through Laurie. She wished, for no particular reason, that she had been nicer to Jackie this morning.

Presently Mr. Chipping looked at his watch. "Why," he said, "it's almost one o'clock. Time we had something to eat."

In one of the large restaurants near Fifty-seventh Street they found a booth and, while Mr. Chipping ordered lunch, Laurie slipped away to tidy her hair.

Later, as they talked over dessert and coffee, she told of the article which had inspired her day off, and that led to other things, so that before she knew it, she had said enough about Mama, and the boarding house, and Ben's coming to the rescue, to give any discerning listener a fairly good idea of her problem.

And then, Mr. Chipping's own story came out too, simply, and without dwelling on its tragedy. "That last year at the university was full of promise for Clarissa and me," he said. "I wanted to write, you see, so I was to have a teaching job the next term, while I tried my wings. We did a lot of reading and studying together, and enjoyed sports

too, hiking, skating, and—" he hesitated —"skiing."

The change in tone baffled Laurie. She waited. And presently he told her of the skiing accident that had changed his life. Clarissa had been crippled so badly that she had never walked again. Her husband, of course, could not give her the care she needed; only a trained person could do that. And since the teaching would not provide enough money, he had taken another sort of job instead.

"It's a cement concern," Mr. Chipping went on, "and I've done well from a financial standpoint. I travel about a lot, and twice a year come to the New York office for a conference. Which explains," he finished with his warm smile, "my being here today. I have an appointment at four o'clock."

"But your writing," Laurie cried.

"That," he said, still smiling, "we don't talk about. This job is good in many ways. Weekends at home, for instance, except for the long treks like this. I may even make it this time."

"You've had to give up your dreams," she said.

"Not altogether. They've shrunk in size a bit, that's all. Happiness doesn't depend on being certain about what lies around the bend in the road. Clarissa and I have learned to take ours in small pieces. Often she has a good day when I'm at home and, if the weather's warm, I can wheel her outdoors. Sometimes we eat under the trees and read. Old books we still like, or new ones that give us something to argue about. Clarissa still has a mind of her own."

"But being away from her," Laurie said. "How can you bear it?"

"I suppose it's a sort of game I play with myself," he admitted, "finding bits of fun and beauty to take to her. Like today—" he shot her a mischievous look —"seeing the Cloisters, having luncheon with a pretty young girl."

It's true, Laurie thought as he turned to pick up the check, he stores up the things he sees and the people, as if they were worth saving. And *me*. I'm part of it too. He will tell Clarissa all about me—my hair that wouldn't stay up, and my hat that wouldn't stay on. Maybe it will even make her laugh a little.

They left the restaurant and walked down the Avenue, stopping at a florist's where Mr. Chipping bought a gardenia for Laurie's lapel. The sky had clouded, and presently a sudden shower drove them into a doorway, where they watched the lumbering buses, the scurrying people, through a curtain of rain.

A young girl with a gray poodle on a leash joined them, producing from an envelope four small red objects which turned out to be overshoes—for the dog.



"With every clip one more year of your age go pouf. You are bambino again. *Belissima!*"

Gravely she lifted each paw to put them on, and the little dog, unprotesting, rolled reproachful eyes at Laurie's laughter and licked his whiskers with a furtive tongue.

The next minute they were gone, the girl in thin soled slippers like a ballet dancer's, her head uncovered. Laurie leaned out for a last look, her eyes wide with surprise. "Why, he looked *embarrassed*," she said, "exactly like a person."

"Sometimes I think a good dog is a person," Mr. Chipping said.

The rain stopped finally, and with a start Laurie remembered the 3:42 train for Granite Falls. "My appointment is near Grand Central," her companion said. "We'll get a cab."

It seemed to Laurie that a taxi never traveled so fast, and adventure never rushed so relentlessly to its conclusion. She still had forty minutes, when Mr. Chipping found a seat in the waiting room and sat down beside her.

"You haven't told me your name," he said.

"It's Laurie," she said, "and I'll always remember how kind you've been to me, Mr. Chipping. I—"

"Chip," he corrected, smiling, "—to my friends."

"Thank you, Chip," she said, her eyes luminous. It's been a beautiful day. Only, —all of a sudden it's—it's over."

"Beauty hasn't anything to do with time," he said simply. "A great deal can

be crowded into a small space, you know." He took her hand. "There's a poem Clarissa and I have always liked. A chap named Ben Jonson wrote it, and it goes like this:

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be.
A lily for a day
Is fairer far in May
Although it fall and die that night.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be."

"And in short measures!" Laurie echoed. "I'll try to remember."

He stood up. "Good-by then, Laurie," he said. "It's been a good day for me too, one of the best. I won't forget you."

With a sense of loss that was strangely tinged with pride, she watched him go. When the milling crowds had swallowed him, she sat very still, looking about her. Only this morning, she thought, I left Granite Falls, and yet I'm not the same person. I ought to wear a badge or something, so the difference will show—

Her hand went to the lapel of her coat, the cool touch of the gardenia, but she shook her head. Something that would last, that the old Laurie had wanted and never had—And then it came to her, like a flash of light. Her hair—she would cut her hair.

"It's sure to grow again," a voice reminded her. "Not like a finger, or an ear." She smiled faintly, remembering.

The clock above the information booth said ten minutes after three when Laurie, having learned that there was a barber shop on the concourse, dashed off to find it. Luckily, the place was empty, the Italian barber at her service. In a wink Laurie's gleaming knot lay on the floor. Experienced fingers snipped and shaped, stuffed and patted.

At half past three the barber stood back, inspecting his work with pride. "Is swell job," he gloated. "With every clip one more year of your age go *pouf*. You are bambino again. Belissima!"

With only twelve minutes to catch her train, Laurie had no time for Latin compliments, only partly understood. But something in her changed personality responded to the words, the ardent look. She blushed and left a dollar tip in his brown palm.

She flew now, hat in hand, heart pounding. Suppose she missed the 3:42? She made it, with only a minute to spare, and sank back in her seat, eyes closed. It was as if she floated now between two worlds and was part of neither. Her mind still glowed with the memory of her day with Chip, and yet there was excitement in the thought that she was on her way to Granite Falls—and Ben.

She opened her eyes and looked out the window, surprised to find that the city was left behind and the familiar landmarks of the morning seemed to have undergone some subtle change. Late afternoon sunshine lay on the river now, turning it to gold. The patches of snow had melted, revealing dark earth and an occasional green shoot.

Even the row of shacks seemed less dreary as the train flashed by. A child in a bright blue dress waved, and in front of the last sagging gate a forsythia bush had burst miraculously into bloom, a transforming smile on an ugly face.

Laurie's feeling of excitement increased as the train rushed on. It was as if something inside of her pushed and strained toward Granite Falls—and Ben.

It was still light when Laurie got off the train and started up Main Street. Not many people were about, for it was supper time in Granite Falls. But Frank Coe, smoking an off-duty pipe at his front gate, gave her a sour look.

"Hello, Frank," she smiled, remembering with a touch of shame her snub of

• He who carries a tale makes a monkey of himself.—*Quote*

the morning, feeling his curious gaze on her shorn head, and not minding at all.

The vegetable market was closed for the night, glass windows pulled down over the produce, and a little shock of surprise ran through Laurie at the sight of a big bunch of lilacs right in the middle of the oranges.

So that was what the tomato can was for, she thought and recalled with a feeling of wonder that last week there had been geraniums beside the potato bin and, before that, pussy willows, of all things, among the cabbages. So even Joe Hubbell, in his fumbling way, went in for beauty. She'd never noticed.

Passing Jackie's house, Laurie wished for just a second that he would come out and bounce his ball, so that she could tell him he'd been right. She had gone to Radio City. But she hurried on in the gathering dusk, thinking of Ben, wondering whether he'd liked the supper she fixed for him.

But the sight of her own house, dark and silent, touched her heart with a nameless fear. He had to be there, she told herself. *Had* to be, or this wonderful day would have no meaning. The words of Chips' poem rushed to her lips, and she spoke them aloud. "'In short measures, short measures!' But oh," she thought in sudden panic, "Not too short. Please, please not until—"

At that instant a breeze stirred the

branches of the spreading maple, and she caught a ribbon of light around the shade of the bathroom window. Her breath escaped in a whispering sigh.

Something slithered past her in the darkness and a dim shape loomed near the hedge. She called out softly. "Stubby, don't be afraid. Come back, Stubby. That's a good dog."

He crawled slowly on his stomach, touched her knee with a damp, placating paw. And as she patted his rough head, she thought of the poodle in his red overshoes, remembered his outraged look.

"A good dog is a person," Chip had said.

She slipped around the house, in by the side door. The kitchen was empty, the meat pie and the pudding untouched in the refrigerator. She went into the front hall, stood at the foot of the stairs.

"Ben," she called in a voice that was not quite steady "Ben—"

There was a silence, long enough for her to wonder what questions she was going to have to answer, what words she could possibly find to tell Ben everything that was in her heart. But when he appeared at the top of the stairs, she said only, "You didn't eat your supper, Ben. And I fixed just what you like."

"I wasn't hungry," he muttered. But his look of injured dignity struck a comic note, since he held a razor in his hand and one side of his face was fringed with lather. "I heard the train," he went on. "Knew you'd be along, so—" He broke off and finished crossly, "Oh the heck with it, Laurie. Who wants to eat alone?"

She smiled to herself, feeling suddenly older and wiser than he. "O.K." she said, "we'll have supper together."

He still stood there, watching her. Then he descended slowly until he stood just above her head. With his free hand he lifted the big hat and planted it on the newel post. His fingers rested lightly on the springy tufts of her hair, slid down to her shoulder, and touched the petals of the gardenia.

"You're back," he said in a husky voice, "and I'm glad. Only, you seem different. I've missed you, Laurie. Don't go away again like that without warning me. It upset me, sort of. I can't explain."

Laurie's laughter had a catch in it. "All right, Ben," she said, "I promise not to." And she turned away to hide the new, secret knowledge in her eyes.

For it was suddenly clear to her that all the questions, all the answers could wait now. Ben had missed her. He was glad to have her back. And in just a little while they would sit down and have supper together.

It was as beautifully simple as that.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

The Titles of Our Lady

So many are the titles of Our Lady, bestowed on her over the centuries; so many the prayers to her that use those titles; so many her shrines that bear them, built always with love. Even if some of them have been broken by hate and left to fall to ruins, like Walsingham, the love that built them keeps the name alive.

"One in thy thousand statues we salute thee," wrote Our Lady's admirer, Chesterton, and it is true a list of her titles would fill pages. Perhaps one of the best to give her, even though it has not the poetry of others, is Mother of Mankind, for it is not in remoteness to us but in nearness that the cult of Mary grows. Or perhaps in our disordered day one fitting title would be that of Our Lady of Peace.

*Peace come to us,
As sunset slants through forest places,
Uncertain ever.
She is enduring peace.*

So wrote Sister Mary Julian in her lovely little book of Marian verse; and it is that author who calls her "Our Lady of Loneliness." That, too, is a good title, for in everything in human life—inspiration, aspiration, even desperation—she can be called on. And one reason is because her own life on earth knew human emotions like ours.

There is no lovelier story than that of the young girl who accepts with simplicity the blinding fact of the high place, the high duty to which she is called, and who, learning that her cousin Elizabeth will soon bear a child, goes to visit her. For three months, Luke tells us, she stayed with Elizabeth, and I wish he had recorded for us something of those months together—the young girl, soon to bear the Son of the Most High, the happy older woman who was to bear the forerunner of Mary's Child.

We have the beautiful greeting of Elizabeth, which has come down to us as a simple and heartfelt prayer and the wonderful antiphonal spoken by Mary in reply, an outburst of humility in herself and true pride in the work of God. But after that there must have been quiet weeks when the two talked together of their children yet unborn—children already named by Heaven.

A Mother Comforting

Long after Our Lady had known the joy of cradling her Child in her arms and had watched Him growing in grace to manhood, long after she had held close to her the broken body of her Son, and after she had herself gone to be with Him again in Heaven, she came back sometimes to the earth and its people who were her people too. She has come at various times and for various reasons—a mother comforting, bringing sympathy and healing, as at Lourdes or Knock; sometimes scolding the disobedient and hard of heart, as at Fatima. Usually she has appeared to children, perhaps because they would give her messages literally and not adapt them, as a grown-up might do.

At Lourdes she brought healing, at Fatima a warning. At a third shrine she brought her tears to mankind. In the little town of La Salette, in the mountainous area of

Grenoble, a fifteen-year-old girl and a younger boy were wandering in the fields with their flocks when before them suddenly stood a Lady. She wore, said Melanie and Maximin later, an apron the color of light and a gown sewn with pearls that looked like tears. And perhaps they were tears; perhaps she had wept even before she gave the children the message they were to deliver "to all my people." For this time Our Lady was bitterly sad about the world. No warnings now, no healing spring to cure mind or body. This time she brought the world the gift of her tears.

Our Lady of Letters

Among her titles Our Lady has one which is perhaps her most recent of them all and one very symbolic of today. Twenty-five years ago this very May it was bestowed on her—the title of Our Lady of Letters. The title and what followed are the direct result of a dream in the head and the heart of a small, energetic nun in our country who found that, when she wanted to write her Ph.D. thesis on contemporary Catholic authors, the subject was considered not scholarly enough; evidently only dead authors were worthy of such estimates. To Sister Mary Joseph of the Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross this seemed not quite fair to living and working authors, and she set out to do something about it. "With all the eagerness, enthusiasm, and optimism that was then mine," as she herself puts it, she decided to start a movement to establish a kind of Catholic Literary Hall of Fame, as something that would focus the Catholic reading public's attention on its contemporary authors.

With the consent of her own superior and of the head of her archdiocese, Archbishop Glennon, she founded the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors. From the beginning it was placed under the patronage of Our Lady. For one reason, she is our first Catholic poet and makes a fine protector for those who are trying to bring Christ in poetry and prose to the world through the printed page.

Sister Mary Joseph began her lists with names like Undset and Archbishop Goodier, Belloc and Maritain, Helen White and Daniel Sargent and Sister Madeleva. For it was to be international; it was to include all for whom "the pen is the voice of the soul." During these twenty-five years she has built up in the small town of Webster Groves, where it is housed, a remarkable collection of manuscripts—working copies which authors have sent her—long-hand and typed, some with corrections in almost every line. There is a card catalogue of authors too and their pictures, though Dr. J. J. Walsh wrote her sadly, "I am sorry authors are not handsome, but then you can't have everything." And Agnes Repplier wrote tartly, "Photographs are waste material." But Sister Mary Joseph thought people would like to see what an author, handsome or not, looked like and their specimens and methods of writing; she was evidently right, for she has gone all over the United States with her slides and her talks about authors.

So, in this month of May, so especially Our Lady's month, let us salute her with this title—Our Lady of Letters, patron for all who write verse or prose that in some way deals with the Faith, and patron as well for all those who read that verse or prose.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE PICKOW

Doctor and Mrs. Van Oordt with three of their seven children leave their parish church at Miraflores after Mass

SOUTH AMERICAN FAMILY

Aside from his name, Doctor Alberto Van Oordt Leon is typical of Peru's small middle class. Here's how he and his family of nine live, work, and play

When Mynheer Dirk Van Oordt, a Dutch Protestant, immigrated to Peru in 1872, he little dreamed that in two generations his family would have completely absorbed the Latin culture that surrounded them. Today his grandson, Doctor Alberto Van Oordt Leon, except for his name and his industrious spirit, is a typical member of Peru's small but influential middle class. A clinical pathologist by profession and a Catholic by faith, forty-four-year-old Dr. Van Oordt lives with his wife, Angelica, and their seven children in the Lima suburb of San Isidro.

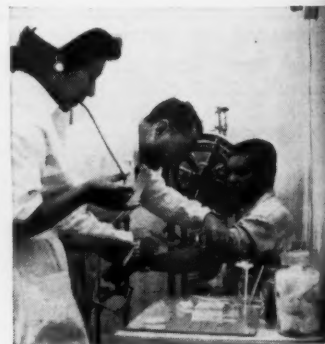
SOUTH AMERICAN FAMILY continued

A typical day for the Van Oordts: Mother directs the housework, the Doctor makes his rounds, and the children go off to three different schools

Days are busy for the Van Oordts. After getting the children off to school and the doctor off to work, Mrs. Van Oordt spends the day managing her household and caring for her sons, Jaime, two, and Cesar, three. In Lima, gadgets are few and servants are plentiful. The average American housewife would probably be appalled by Mrs. Van Oordt's ancient refrigerator and her lack of work-saving gadgets. But what she misses in gadgets, Mrs. Van Oordt makes up in servants. She has three. The doctor's day is a long one. He usually works from 8:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M., dividing his time between his private office in Miraflores, a mile from home, and the government hospital at Callao, twelve miles away. The five older children attend private Catholic schools. They leave for school about 7:00 A.M., come home for lunch, return to school for the afternoon, and get home for the day at 5:30 P.M. Economically, the Van Oordts are well off. Their level of living is similar to American middle class standards, but they can't exactly be called middle class because in Peru there is no "middle" class. People either live as well as the Van Oordts or they are desperately poor. The doctor's income averages \$500 a month, but this goes far. The Van Oordt home, for example, was purchased for \$7,000. In the U.S., it would be worth around \$40,000. It is a good life that the Van Oordts enjoy, but it will be decades before the majority of Peruvians can enjoy anything like it.



Mrs. Van Oordt feeds Jaime, two, the baby of the family; goes shopping with three-year-old Cesar tagging along; and supervises the preparation of dinner. She has three servants to help with household chores, but few American-style kitchen gadgets



Though he gets only one-fifth of his income from his care of poor patients, this part of his work takes up half of Dr. Van Oordt's time. Left, a woman brings her child to the hospital clinic; center, the doctor makes a house call; right, he treats a worker



The five older children attend Catholic schools. Left, the doctor leaves Juan with Sister at Immaculate Heart School where he attends kindergarten. Below, Enrique consults with a Passionist Brother at the Colegio Santa Maria which he attends with Alberto. Except for history, which is taught in Spanish, the rest of their courses are conducted in English.



Van Oordt girls, Angelica and Margarita, attend San Belen School run by French Sisters. A bus picks them up at 7:00 A.M. and brings them home at 5:30 P.M. for tea. They've more homework than U. S. youngsters.





Doctor Van Oordt enjoys an occasional game of bingo with his boys

SOUTH AMERICAN FAMILY continued

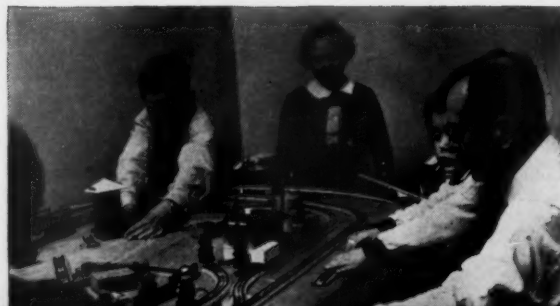
The Van Oordts spend their evenings quietly. They play cards, chat over the dinner table, play with the train set, and then retire at an early hour

There are few hobbies, in the American sense, in Peru. Children there have more homework to do and go to bed earlier. Parents spend more time in quiet conversation or in visiting friends and relatives. About the only thing the Van Oordts do that might be called a hobby is playing with the train set the doctor bought for the boys. Otherwise, the principal family pastimes include playing an occasional game of bingo, going to the movies (many of them American), and watching Sunday football games. But if their life is quieter than that of most American families, it is still pervaded by strong feelings of affection. No matter how busy he is, Doctor Van Oordt makes time to be with his children; and Mrs. Van Oordt rarely sends the children to bed without a pleasant good night chat. Above all, the Van Oordts want their children to grow up close to them.



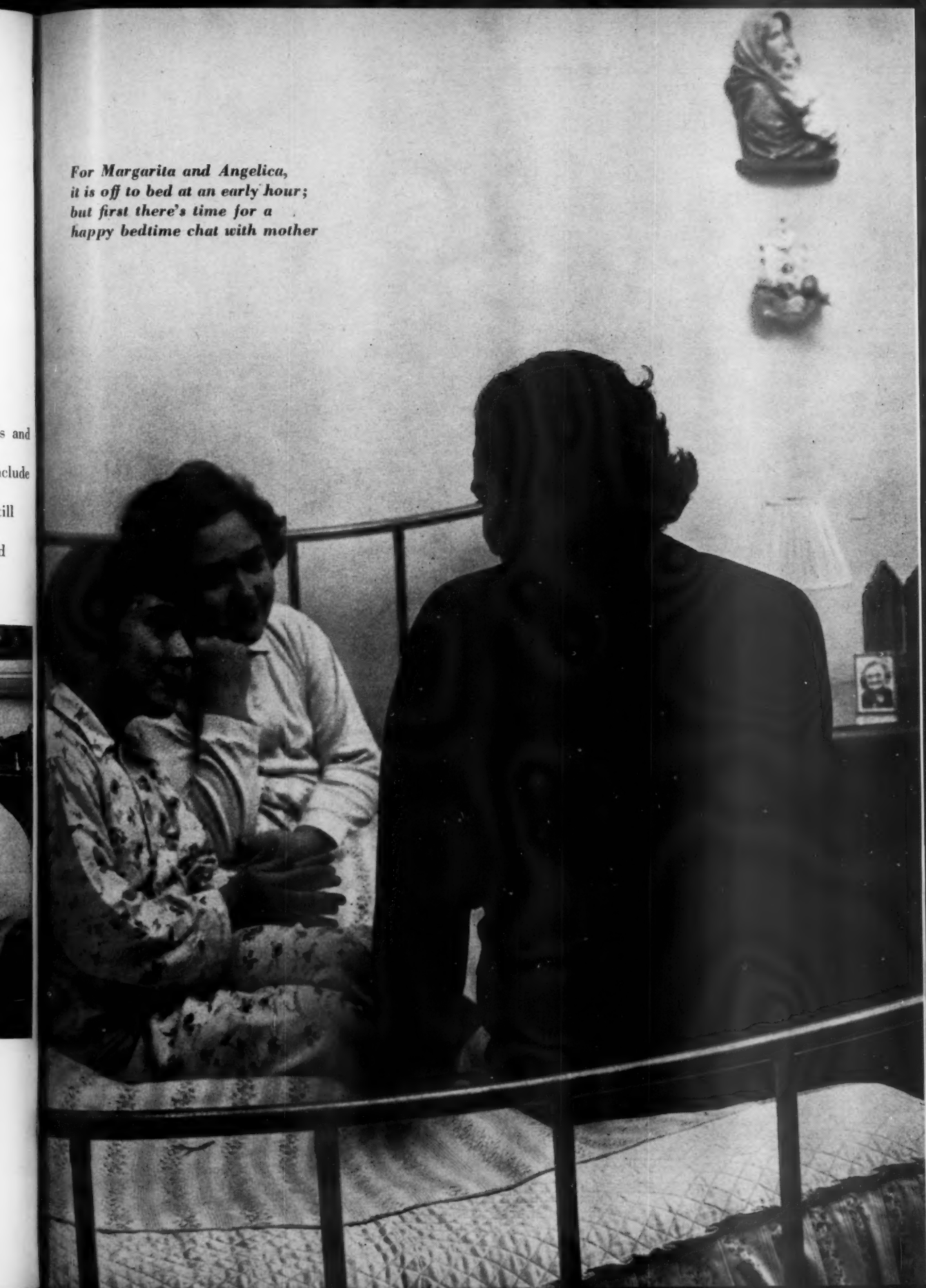
Dinner at the Van Oordts is later than in most American homes, usually around 8:00 P.M. Three youngest eat earlier in the kitchen

The Van Oordts make a hobby of set of German electric trains that Doctor bought for the boys. Set is much cheaper than American model



*For Margarita and Angelica,
it is off to bed at an early hour;
but first there's time for a
happy bedtime chat with mother*

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RADIO and TELEVISION

by JOHN LESTER



Top of page: Artist's conception of Emmy Awards. Despite inequities, most awards were deserved. Above: Andy Devine (shown with Guy Madison in "Wild Bill Hickok"). His voice is his fortune

THE ACADEMY OF TV ARTS AND SCIENCES' splendid ninety-minute colorcast of its ninth annual "Emmy" awards ceremony March 16 was its very best TV outing to date and a dandy by any standards.

Actually, the academy had to come up with a good one because the chips were down and it was a case of produce or else.

Millions of viewers, aware of the ridiculous and needless jealousies and dissensions that have divided and decimated this important TV body for years, were looking for substantial signs of intelligence and maturity. Had these failed to materialize, it's reasonable to assume the academy would have been set back five years, and it's not unreasonable to assume the whole, wonderful idea might have folded right then and there.

As a result of its recent entertaining, expertly produced, cleverly integrated awards telecast, however, ATAS is off and running with the strong, fresh

breeze of public respect, confidence, and approval at its back. It's now clear, too, that the academy can get things done when it has to and, judging by what already has been accomplished in such a short time, the few improvements still necessary can be made faster than you can say 1958.

Sponsors Must Go

One thing that must go is the commercial sponsorship that clashes with the nature and purpose of the *Emmy* telecasts. Costs must be shouldered by the TV industry so that the academy's only annual event, in a sense the most important one of the TV year, will be presented on an institutional basis. Naturally, it's up to the academy to raise the necessary \$250,000 or so but, unless I'm seriously mistaken, this won't be difficult.

There's still work to be done on several of the categories, too, notably in respect to the grouping of nominees.

Red Skelton, for example, had no

business being in the *Best Actor, Single Performance* group with Fredric March and Jack Palance, just as Jim Arness and Hugh O'Brian were out of place alongside Charles Boyer, David Niven, and Robert Young at the *Best Actor, Continuing Performance* level.

While these groupings were merely unfair to all concerned, the idea of Bishop Fulton Sheen competing against "Tennessee Ernie" Ford for the *Best Male Personality* title was plainly ridiculous.

Except for these inequities and several in a few other categories, however, the rest showed evidences of intelligent planning and the majority of winners in all, inequities notwithstanding, deserved their victories.

Playhouse Topped Field

I don't think, for example, there's much room for argument in the case of *Playhouse 90*, which led the field with six statuettes, three for *Requiem for a Heavyweight* alone. Although this series has turned in a few poor shows and a few others that were below expectations, in general it has been a boon to TV drama and will greatly influence drama to come.

While I was both surprised and delighted to see Sid Caesar's show run second to *Playhouse* with five first places, I have to admit two were open to serious question and in each instance this was due to the aforementioned unwise grouping of nominees in their respective categories.

I didn't think the selection of Nanette Fabray as TV's *Best Comedienne* was fair because she hasn't been on Caesar's show since last spring, although I'm always happy when fortune favors the gifted Nanette. The choice of Pat Carroll as the *Best Supporting Actress* was equally unfair to my way of thinking. Miss Carroll is a talented young lady of much promise but, in addition to being a newcomer to Sid's hour, she has a distance to travel before being in the same league with Vivian Vance, of *I Love Lucy*, and Audrey Meadows, of *The Jackie Gleason Show*.

Also, I was astounded to see Claire Trevor named *Best Actress in a Single Performance* for her work in the Show-case production of *Dodsworth*, ahead of Edna Best, Gracie Fields, and Nancy Kelly.

Walt Disney, a multi-award winner in past years, won nothing this time around and Arthur Godfrey wasn't even mentioned in a single category, nor were any of the big quiz-shows!

But thereby hangs a tale, as the man says, one I hope to get around to presently.

Going Up!

The \$64,000 *Question*, which started the trend toward big-money quizzers two years ago, has been slipping lately. In an effort to halt the decline and regain the king-pin title it held for so long, its producers recently boosted the jack-pot prize to \$256,000!

It's significant that *Question's* rating was the highest it had been in a year the first week after announcement of the increase was made.

Highly pleased with the results, the producers immediately hinted the jack-pot may be increased again in the near future.

Question's sister-series, *The \$64,000 Challenge*, may soon get similar help in addition to a format revision that has been in the works for months.

In view of these changes and the staggering potential of the Disabled American Veterans' *Hidden Treasure* series, the big prize on which could run to a million dollars or more on each program, one can't help wondering where it all will lead.

I have complete confidence in the ability of the public and the TV industry to level off sensibly when all concerned finally decide enough is enough. However, it's interesting to speculate as to just when that point will be reached.

It's a cinch they can't go on like this forever.

Dandy Andy

Hugh Andy Devine, whose long-standing and tremendous popularity in films

was transferred to TV when he took on the role of "Jingles" in Guy Madison's *Wild Bill Hickok* series, recently revealed a heretofore well-kept professional secret.

"My fan mail comes in bottles," said the man with the voice like an unopened hinge.

"Other actors get letters. I get gargles. And you'd be surprised how many people think I have a chronic sore throat. They send me mouth wash, mustard plasters, poultices, and guaranteed home-made remedies like garlic in little sacs to wear around my neck. It's real nice of people to be so concerned, but if I spoke like everybody else I'd be through."

Andy also revealed he's been talking in his familiar graveled squeak since he was five years old, something else I didn't know until recently. It seems he fell while running with a stick in his mouth, puncturing his palate. The wound healed but his voice hasn't been the same since.

The Classics On TV

As a highly significant and vastly encouraging development in TV, the increasing presentation of classical and other worth-while works has passed unnoticed, if you'll except the critical blasts at individual offerings that didn't turn out as well as expected.

Mayerling, a \$625,000 dud even though it starred Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer, is a good example. Even more surprising was the failure of *The*



"Kingdom of the Sea" is certain to be among top "sleeper" successes of current season. Originator and narrator Col. John D. Craig is probably world's foremost undersea adventurer and authority



Old Vic Company's version of *Romeo and Juliet* to achieve the ringing success expected. The latest adaptation of the Joan of Arc story, *The Lark*, fared much better.

So has it gone and so, I expect, will it continue to go until TV's artistic development catches up with its technological, and until all concerned arrive at a better understanding of TV's limitations as well as its potentials.

And TV has many limitations.

At any rate, until then, the mere presentation of a classic, etc., on TV will be no guarantee of excellence. Some will be at the bottom, others at the top of the acceptance scale and the majority will be strong out at various points in-between.

While a greater uniformity in this respect is both necessary and desirable, it's far more important at this time that the TV industry keep the classics, etc., coming.

Future Bright

The future is very bright in this direction.

The recent appearance of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in *The Great Sebastians* was the first of a new series of Broadway shows marked for TV.

The recent *Hall of Fame* colorcast of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Yeomen of the Guard* was the first of a whole new series of operettas and upper-level musical properties also slated for presentation.

In this connection, the two-hour NBC *Opera Theater* colorcast of Verdi's *La Traviata*, in English, April 21, should be another milestone equaling or nearly equaling its spectacular version of *War and Peace* several months ago.

Naturally, the outstanding success in this programming category tends to improve standards all along the line. Already, many gains have been made in this way and I'm sure they'll continue, although it'll be slow, hard, expensive work.

The argument, invariably backed by the poor ratings of certain offerings, that the viewing public hasn't the intelli-

gence to understand and appreciate the better things, is ridiculous and wrong. It will continue, of course, but its effect will be lessened by every thumping triumph until nothing will remain.

And good riddance, I say.

The fact is, no work is a classic in the true sense without the acceptance of great numbers of people over a long period of time and, in this respect, people today are no different than people ever were.

There is no classic the viewing public cannot or will not understand and appreciate if its presentation is honest, sincere, and proper.

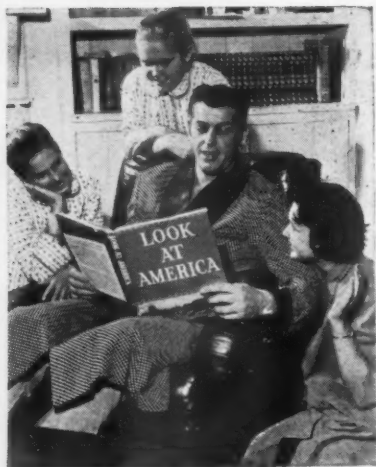
When public acceptance of a classic is lacking, 99 times out of 100 it's the fault of the producer, the director, the adapter, or someone else behind-the-scenes.

The number of those in TV who now realize this is growing steadily and this is the principal reason for my optimism.

In Brief

The West Point Story has been cited in the *Congressional Record* for "aiding public understanding of the role of the U. S. Military Academy," which it has. Mail to the Point has increased from 50 to over 200 letters a week since the series went on the air. . . . Tony Dexter, who nearly ended his career portraying Rudolph Valentino in the movie life of the great lover, recently got an important break—the starring role in *The Fox*, a period adventure series that will be filmed abroad. . . . Frank Parker sings the twelve songs most requested while he was with Arthur Godfrey in a new album titled *Requests from the TV Mail Bag*. . . . Leo McCarey, producer-director of *Going My Way* and many other hit-films, wants Dean Martin to star in his version of *The Adventures of Marco Polo*, a role originally intended for Mario Lanza. . . .

Jack Benny makes his bow on the nightclub circuit June 20, opening in a top Las Vegas spot. . . . One greater New York station, WWRL, broadcasts an Arabic program, *The Arabian Nights*, and *Vistas of Israel*, an English-language series recorded in Jerusalem by the Voice of Zion, back-to-back! Nobody has complained so far. . . . Just for the record: singing sensation Pat Boone is married to the daughter of Red Foley, of the famous *Barn Dance* program. Her name is Shirley. . . . *Leave It to the Girls*, practically a cinch to return to TV again, will be run much differently this time. . . . Walt Disney finally got TV rights to James Oliver Curwood's novel of the Canadian frontier, *Nomads of the North*.



ALICE RE-RETURNS—For the second time, Jeff Donnell has returned by popular demand to play George Gobel's TV wife

BROWN AND BROOD—Jim Brown, Lee Aaker's "adopted father" in "Rin Tin Tin," with his real-life youngsters and Mrs.

HEADED FOR FAME—Dale Robertson appears headed for TV honors on strength of starring role in "Wells Fargo" series

MEET THE MRS.—Danny Thomas seemed to be looking into future in this picture with Marjorie Lord, slated to become star's new TV wife

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM FORD



BODY AND SOUL

What impresses Dr. Curt S. Wachtel, long-time medical scientist and practitioner, is that patients who have religious principles and live up to them usually show greater resistance to disease than patients with no religion

by MILTON LOMASK

DR. CURT S. WACHTEL of the Bronx, New York would be the last person to deny that some of his theories concerning the treatment of human ills are not popular with all members of his profession. Catholic, German-born, and full of bounce at sixty-five, Dr. Wachtel makes only one comment on the situation.

"Naturally," he says, "I'd be happy if my ideas were more widely accepted. If they aren't, there's nothing I can do about it. They are the fruit of a good deal of experience in several parts of the world, and I'm stuck with them."

For some notion of the ideas with which the doctor is "stuck," one has only to glance at one of his recent cases.

It was a cheerful Spring morning when the young college student stepped into the doctor's book-lined consulting room. The young man was handsome, intelligent—and distressed.

He had reason to be. For three months he had been suffering from what appeared to be a heart ailment. His own doctor, unable to find any physical cause for the trouble, had suggested that Dr. Wachtel, as an expert in psychosomatic medicine, might be able to get at the root of the matter.

In the course of a careful examination, Dr. Wachtel too found nothing organically wrong with the boy's heart.

"This may prove a difficult diagnosis," he confessed. "Perhaps you can help me with it."

"I know nothing about medicine, Doctor. How can I help you?"

"By telling me in plain English what's eating you."

The boy told his story: good home life, excellent background, devoted parents whom he described as "not religious exactly, but they tag along with the old-fashioned virtues, if you know what I mean."

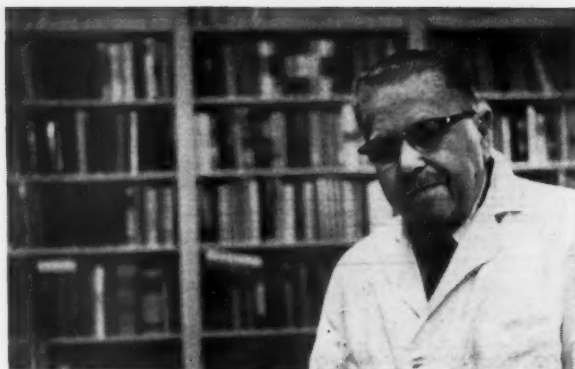
At present, the boy was a freshman. He dwelt at some length on the first two months of his college career. That had been a happy period for him, a period during which he had made new friends, played hard, studied hard and got good grades. Lately, thanks to his illness, his grades had tumbled and he was on the verge of flunking out of one of America's most reputable universities.

At which point, Dr. Wachtel interrupted. "Not so fast, son," he suggested. "You've been in school seven months. You've described the first two in detail, but now you're talking about 'lately,' which I take to cover the last three months, the duration of your illness. What happened during the two-month interval that you have not mentioned?"

"Nothing much except that I joined a fraternity."

"And what took place at the fraternity that disturbed you?"

Dr. C. S. Wachtel of Germany came to America in 1937 as a displaced medical scientist. Since 1943 he has maintained offices in the Bronx and on Park Avenue, N. Y.



"Who said anything disturbed me?"
"Nobody. But if something did, I think you ought to let me in on it."

The boy let him in. As a pledge of the fraternity, he had been required to undergo an initiation before becoming a full member. He described the early phases of the initiation as "pranks mostly, childish perhaps but harmless."

Then one night he and his fellow pledges were herded off to a house of prostitution. There, in the presence of their fraternity brothers, they were required to give graphic proof of their manhood.

"And how long after that event," Dr. Wachtel put in, "did you become ill?"

"About three weeks later." The boy edged forward on his chair. "Do you think there's a connection between that incident and my illness?"

"Depends. Did you approve of what your fraternity brothers asked you to do?"

"To be honest, no. But the important thing to me was the fraternity. I wanted to become a member."

"So you did as you were told in defiance of your own principles and got yourself good and sick."

"Oh come now, Doctor." The boy frowned. "You make it sound as if this trouble of mine were all in my head."

"No." The doctor shook his. "I think it would be more accurate to say that it is all in your soul."

The soul plays a prominent part in Dr. Wachtel's medical theories. A small, handsome, soft-spoken man whose round and lively figure sorts well with the nickname "Buddha" given him by wife and friends, the doctor has devoted most of his life to the ills of others. Curiously enough it was an illness of his own that prompted him some years ago to put his theories on paper.

"After an operation in the late 1940's," he recalls, "complications set in and my physician informed me that I was in for a long rest. I was a trifle put out at first; then it dawned on me that at long last I had time on my hands—

time to think my ideas through, time to scribble them down."

The doctor scribbled enough to add writer's cramp to his complications. The result was two books.

One of them, *The Idea of Psychosomatic Medicine*, is a volume of medical philosophy. In the other, *The Psycho-Medical Guide to a Lifetime of Good Health*, the doctor has attempted to buttress his philosophy by a series of case histories, most of them drawn from his own practice.

Reviewing the philosophical book, the *Catholic World* found it "timely and stimulating," adding that it was "refreshing" to find a practicing physician of Dr. Wachtel's "high reputation taking his stand solidly on the principles of St. Thomas Aquinas and giving the reasons for his conviction that medical therapy, correctly understood, will take into account the Christian teaching."

As the titles of his books suggest, Dr. Wachtel is chiefly interested in the branch of his profession called psychosomatic medicine. Loosely speaking, a doctor working in this field is a psychiatrist and general practitioner rolled into one. His main concern is with the psychosomatic ills, or more exactly with the psychosomatic element in disease, since, according to Dr. Wachtel, practically every illness is psychosomatic to some extent.

To say that an illness is psychosomatic, of course, is to say that it is caused by or closely linked to some emotional or mental disturbance. Peptic ulcer is the classic example. Other ills often diagnosed as psychosomatic are heart disease, arthritis, allergies, tuberculosis, hysterical blindness, high blood pressure, migraine, diabetes, hay fever, frigidity, impotence, hives, and the common cold.

A basic concept of psychosomatic medicine is that a person isn't sick just "where it hurts." The whole man is sick, and therefore the whole man must be treated.

The heart of Dr. Wachtel's theory is his notion of what the "whole man" con-

sists of. According to the doctor, most practitioners in his field take a materialistic view of the patient. They regard the patient as consisting of only two "elements"—a soma and a psyche.

Soma, to be obvious about it, means body. Psyche means soul. A doctor wedded to the materialistic approach, however, does not use the word in that sense. When he says "psyche," he is referring not to the patient's soul but merely to the functions of his nervous and glandular systems.

Which leaves the soul where? "Out of the picture," is Dr. Wachtel's prompt reply.

"Don't misunderstand me," he adds. "I assume that many physicians believe in the existence of the soul. Most of them, however, take the position that a sharp line must be drawn between medicine and religion. They contend that in the treatment of disease it is 'unscientific' to take the soul into account."

In Dr. Wachtel's opinion, it is "unscientific" to leave it out.

"When we treat a patient," he says, "as if he consisted of only soma and psyche, we are not treating the whole man as we claim to be doing. The human being does not consist of only soma and psyche; he consists of soma, psyche, and soul. To treat the whole man, you've got to take all three into consideration."

As Dr. Wachtel discusses these matters, he bounces from his desk chair from time to time and rummages in one of his crowded files. "Here," he says suddenly, bringing a sheaf of papers to view. "This is a disguised account of a recent case. Read it. It's a fair example, I think, of what we're talking about."

The case deals with a patient whom the doctor, with daring originality, has labeled "Mr. Smith." At the time of his initial visit, Smith was forty years old. He was a Catholic, a family man, and a highly successful investment attorney.

He was suffering principally from hypertension and had been under treatment by a number of physicians, one

of whom had referred him to Dr. Wachtel.

Followed a long series of talks in Wachtel's office. Smith was co-operative and intelligent, but as the sessions dragged on, Dr. Wachtel began to wonder if he would ever gain insight into his problem.

In the course of the talks, the doctor prepared what he calls a "synoptic analysis." This is a chart showing, in a detailed way, the patient's activities and interests with the idea of spotting the pressures to which his health had been subjected. Going over this chart one evening, the Doctor noticed a one-year gap, and it occurred to him that something significant might have happened to Smith during that year—some event that Smith was either withholding or had unconsciously forgotten.

Attempts to get Smith to discuss the one-year "gap" produced nothing of consequence. Finally, "Mr. Smith," the doctor said, "do you mind if I have your wife in on her own and ask her about that year?"

"Go ahead," said Smith.

The doctor talked to the wife. When Mr. Smith returned, Dr. Wachtel inaugurated the conversation with what he calls an "aggressive" question.

"Mr. Smith," he said. "During that year we were talking about, you were charged with embezzling a sum of money from one of your clients. May I ask why you never mentioned that?"

"To tell you the truth," was the reply, "I forgot it. However, it isn't of essence. As my wife must have told you, the court exonerated me."

"I know, but did you agree with the court's findings?"

Mr. Smith did not say anything for a time. When he did, his answer "broke" the case.

The court had declared Smith "not guilty," but Smith's conscience knew better.

Dr. Wachtel suggested that Smith have "a little talk" with his parish priest. Smith agreed, and within weeks he was on the way to recovery.

Dr. Wachtel's comment is that "the thing to note is that Mr. Smith started his search for health in doctors' offices and ended it in a church. Many people do. Many a sick person begins to mend when he takes steps to reconstruct his moral and religious life."

To the doctor this is not surprising. As he puts it:

"It is consistent with our knowledge of how the human being is made. Two great forces are at work in each of us. One force consists of the soul and its desires. The other consists of the desires generated by the human instincts, self-preservation and sex.

"Our blunt-speaking ancestors," the doctor continues, "called these forces the higher and lower nature of man. Perhaps 'higher' and 'lower' are not the exact terms, since both forces were infused in us by God and, therefore, both are good, depending on how we use them.

"A sensible person tries to sublimate his instinctual desires to those of his soul. To put this another way, he tries to employ his instinctual desires in accordance with natural law, in accordance with the purposes for which God made him.

"If he succeeds, he creates within himself a harmony conducive to good health. If he fails, disharmony results, and any

internal disharmony makes you more vulnerable to the physical and psychic pressures which produce disease."

In connection with these matters, the doctor offers a further thought. "One thing is certain," he says, "and that is that the patient who has a religion and tries to live by it almost always shows greater resistance to disease than the person who hasn't. That's a fact that I'm sure every physician has noted—a fact as susceptible of inductive observation and proof as the fact that two units of hydrogen and one of oxygen make water."

Which remark the doctor "chases" with what he means to be a parting shot at doubting colleagues.

"Every physician," he says, "knows that intangibles play a big part in the cure of illness. One intangible is the strength of the patient's will to live. Now where does this 'will' come from? We can't account for it by our present knowledge of the human body and its functions. To account for it, we must turn to religion, which tells us that the will, along with such intangibles as memory and intelligence, is a function of the soul.

"So—!" The doctor shrugs. "I say it is good sense, and good science, for a medical man to accept the existence of the soul as a working hypothesis, as an explanation for those intangibles which he sees at work in his patients over and over again."

Dr. Wachtel was born October 22, 1890, in Berlin, the son of a wealthy family prominent in German business circles. He was educated at several of the best German schools, including the University of Berlin and Freiburg, re-



To some extent every illness is caused by or closely linked to emotional or mental disturbance, claims Dr. Wachtel. His main concern is diagnosis and treatment of such ills

In illness the whole man is sick and must be so treated. The physician must consider not only the soma (body) and the psyche (glands and nervous system); but also the soul



ceiving his license in chemistry in 1911 and his medical degree in 1914.

When the first World War broke out, he plunged into the trenches as an army physician. Shortly thereafter, he was yanked out by the great Jewish scientist and Nobel-prize-winner, Dr. Fritz Haber, without whose chemical discoveries Germany might have had to back out of the war within months after it began. As Dr. Haber's assistant, Dr. Wachtel sat in on the highest councils of the German War Ministry.

His own work during the war dealt with air defense and poison gases. After the war, it became common practice for the large industries to send him workers suffering from illnesses produced by industrial gases. In 1925, the industries established a hospital and clinic for such patients, and for the remainder of his years in Germany, the doctor was physician-in-chief of the Institute of Industrial Hygiene and Occupational Diseases in Schlachtensee, a suburb of Berlin.

On July 31, 1928, he married the former Miss Elizabeth Treibs, a Titian-haired concert singer and teacher with a coloratura voice. Although born in Germany, Mrs. Wachtel—"Kitten" to the doctor—had lived during many of her childhood years in the United States.

In 1931, the Wachtels decided that the day was fast coming when they must flee Germany. The country, reeling from a series of internal crises, was being governed by emergency economic decrees. It was plain to the doctor that these decrees were snuffing out personal freedom.

The Wachtels left the country by stages. First, in the summer of 1931,

they went on a small "pleasure" trip, in the course of which they deposited enough gold dollars in a Swiss bank to keep them going for one year.

The doctor had obtained the gold dollars readily enough in Berlin. German law, however, forbade taking money out of the country. So the Wachtels paused in Dresden to discuss strategy.

Early the next morning, they halted their car on a deserted stretch of the highway leading to the Czech border. When they crossed the border, a few hours later, their gold dollars were in the gas tank, wrapped in one of Mrs. Wachtel's silk stockings.

In 1933, the Wachtels left Germany for keeps. "We just packed our bags and walked off," is the way Mrs. Wachtel describes it—simple words, but they cover what must have been a profound ordeal. To the doctor, leaving his homeland meant giving up all the fruits of a long and distinguished career. To both of them, it meant starting all over again in mid-life.

In Paris, an unexpected development awaited them. Through diplomatic channels, the doctor was informed that Molotov, then premier of the Soviet, was looking for a scientist with his background—who would be willing to come to Russia and help the Red government set up a program of civilian air defense against a war which Molotov, with interesting accuracy, predicted would descend upon the world in—yes!—1939.

Dr. Wachtel hesitated at first, having heard that foreign scientists entering Russia sometimes never came out. "In the end," he confesses, "curiosity got the better of us. We couldn't pass up

the chance to see what was going on there."

The Wachtels did not like what they saw. "Before leaving Paris," the doctor says, "I got a promise from the Soviet Embassy in Paris that Molotov would see that we got out when the work was done. Molotov was true to his word, but even his power could not always protect us in the cloak-and-dagger atmosphere of Moscow."

As part of the doctor's work, he had to appraise some of the existing civilian air defense setup. He pronounced it inadequate and thus won the undying hatred of a dozen scientists and technical personnel.

These people expressed their feelings crudely. Once the doctor was shot at and barely missed. Night and day, a guard stood in front of the apartment assigned to him and Mrs. Wachtel. All guests were questioned as to what the Wachtels were doing and saying.

After eighteen months in Russia, the Wachtels moved on. The doctor did research first in Sweden and later in London. In 1937, he came to the United States under a grant from the Committee in Aid of Displaced Medical Scientists. Mrs. Wachtel followed a few months later.

They had no money. Until the doctor could obtain his license to practice in New York, Mrs. Wachtel took a studio in the Carnegie Hall Annex in New York City and gave voice lessons. The doctor wrote and published two books. One of them, dealing with chemical warfare, has long been a staple of American army libraries and this reporter—a Chemical Warfare officer in World War II—can still remember some of Dr. Wachtel's movingly lyric descriptions of sundry nasty smells.

In 1943, the doctor received his license and set up his practice. He now maintains offices in the Bronx and on Park Avenue. On an average day, he makes house calls in the morning, keeps office hours from four to eight P.M. After the last patient leaves, he and Mrs. Wachtel and the family pet, a solemn-looking ten-year-old cat called Camale, settle down in the vicinity of the filing cases in the consulting room for several hours.

Doing what? "We're writing another book," says the doctor. "The subject this time? Our experiences, mostly the Russian ones. You see, I owe something to Russia. I learned something important there. I learned that materialism is the most horrible and degrading force on earth. It worries me to see the materialistic philosophy gaining such hold in this country. I hope that as time goes on, Americans will sense its dangers—and repudiate it!"

Dr. and Mrs. Wachtel relax after hours writing book on materialism



THE SIGN POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Church of Christ

On a trip through the southwest, I noticed many churches of the denomination "Church of Christ." They claim to be the true church because the name "Church of Christ" is in the Bible. What about them?—R. L., CHICAGO, ILL.



Perhaps they base their claim on the passage of St. Paul to the Romans: "All the churches of Christ salute you." (Rom. 16:16) However, it takes more than a "label" to give a church divine origin and guidance. According to one of their spokesmen, they state: "We are not the only Christians, but we are Christian only." Church of Christ members are somewhat kindred to other sects with similar names, such as Disciples of Christ. But all of them have one thing in common—they are man-made religions, fragments broken off from older forms of Protestantism, especially Presbyterianism.

The so-called Churches of Christ are the conservative element of the Campbellites; the so-called Disciples of Christ represent the more progressive Campbellite elements. Their founders were the Campbells, father and son; Walter Scott, a kinsman of the famous novelist; one Barton Stone and "Raccoon John" Smith, a one-time Baptist. About 130 years ago, the progressives originated in Kentucky, the conservatives in Pennsylvania. Each group numbers somewhat over a million and a half members. They recognize no creed, but do accept Christ and the New Testament—a contradictory statement, because His New Testament is an explicit creed covering faith, morals, and worship. Many pages of comment as to their belief in the ABC's of Christianity can be condensed into one common denominator—they make what they can and will of the New Testament. Hence, for all practical purposes, there are as many "churches" as there are individuals.

Why No Midwives?

In the Bible, we read that the Hebrews had midwives. Does God approve their being supplanted by male physicians? Here in Canada, Men doctors charge exorbitant fees for child delivery. It seems to be a racket and an encroachment on the Church and religion.—G. T., PRINCE GEORGE, B. C., CANADA.

In the U. S. A., were a midwife to take charge of a child delivery, she would be guilty legally of practicing medicine without a license. From what you say, it would seem that midwives are not licensed in Canada, either. In some countries, they are recognized professionally and legally. We must remember that in Old Testament times, there were no medical or surgical practitioners who would measure up to later, more modern notions of a "physician." A midwife is only a substitute for a doctor. Hence, child delivery by physicians involves no encroachment on religion or the Church. Nor can it be considered a racket

that the law insists upon the most competent skill for the sake of both mother and child. Many if not most physicians scale their fees according to a patient's financial resources. By no means should we belittle the importance or competence of duly trained midwives; their services are still urgent here and there throughout the world, depending upon circumstances. But their function is not a matter of divine appointment.

"YM"—"YW"

At a recent meeting, staff members were disturbed that more Catholics do not join the "Y." Is it permissible for Catholics to join the "Y"?—D. Q., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Because there are all but countless brands of so-called Christianity, it is not enough that a Catholic be a Christian—he must be a Catholic Christian. According to their own literature, the YW, the YM, and their junior affiliates have their own "religious and educational philosophy." No Catholic needs that philosophy. The Y's are a "worldwide fellowship of men and boys (women and girls) united by a common loyalty to Jesus Christ, for the purpose of developing Christian personality and building a Christian society." Among non-Catholic Christians, there is no such thing as a common loyalty to Christ, for their very ideas of Christ vary from sect to sect, even to the point of private, individual judgment. How, then, can they hope to develop a representative, consistent, Christian personality among their members? Or to build a Christian society—which can be no more Christian than the individuals who make up the society? To say the least, a Catholic has no need of what the Y's have to offer.

By the Holy See, and in particular by the hierarchy of this country, Catholics are forbidden to join the Y's—all the more so to staff their boards and thus take a leading part in fostering this religious movement. Unfortunately, some Catholics are bereft of a scent for religious danger—they sense no danger in forms of non-Catholic Christianity which are so liberal, so elastic as to foster religious indifference. It must be admitted that many of our parishes may "envy" the recreational facilities of which the Y's can boast. But our membership in the Y is not the solution of that problem.

Guaranteed Novena?

Have read much in Catholic papers about the wrongness of "chain prayers." Does enclosed novena come under that category?—M. G., DETROIT, MICH.

Your novena is addressed to St. Martha of Bethany, a sister of Lazarus; her feast day is observed on July 29. Other things being equal, a novena—whether of nine successive days or weeks or months—exemplifies a spirit of perseverance in prayer. In the case of the nine "First Fridays" of the month, the reliability of the promises made to us by the Sacred Heart, through St. Margaret Mary, is beyond question. But in order not to be "taken in" by an invention of someone's private piety, it is well to scrutin-

ize any and every promissory prayer. Your St. Martha novena does not seem to have the earmarks of a "chain novena." The leaflet does recommend that a copy of the prayer and its requirements be left in the church, every Tuesday. "Chain literature" would call for the circulation of many copies, and to the tune of dire threats for a failure to comply. However, you do not state whether or not your leaflet bears the approval of some Church authority—that approval or the lack of it is the acid test.

The prayer refers to the great privilege enjoyed by St. Martha—lodging in the house of the Saviour. We are under the impression that the Master was a guest in Martha's home. Not all favors we ask call for pity on the part of the one we pray to. Nor could St. Martha have infinite pity on us—only God's pity is infinite. We never before heard of a dragon at her feet, overcome by St. Martha. So much for questionable points in the prayer. As for the accompanying comments: Not even the Almighty grants everything we ask for, no matter how difficult—not because of the difficulty, but because He knows better than we what is for our best good. As for a guarantee that the favor prayed for will be granted before the termination of the nine Tuesdays—! Despite your happy experience with this novena, we do not recommend it, if only because of the extravagant promises attached to it.

Polyglot

What is meant by the Church's polyglot press?—E. T., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The word "polyglot" is an adjective meaning "several languages." It can apply to a person who reads or speaks several languages, or to a book such as the Bible, or to the printing establishment which publishes a book in several languages. You refer to the Vatican Polyglot Press, the official printing plant of Vatican City. The Vatican Press, founded in 1587, and the Polyglot Press, founded in 1626, were merged under the present title by Pope St. Pius X. This plant is equipped for printing in about thirty languages.

Ashes at Home

Why did a priest refuse to let us take blessed ashes home to a sick member of the family?—S. A., MT. VERNON, N. Y.

We are free to apply some of the sacramentals of the Church to ourselves, such as holy water. But not so in the case of Lenten Ashes, which must be administered to the recipient by a priest. Even the priest who blesses the ashes may not administer the sacramental to himself. If, on a previous occasion, a priest dropped a pinch of ashes into an envelope to be taken home, his procedure is understandable. There was no danger of irreverence to the sacramental, and it was much less complicated to do that than to try to explain the rules while a throng at the altar rail awaited service.

Third Orders

Where can I find information about the Third Orders which are open to laymen?—J. McC., SOUTH BEND, IND.



a minimum service of God and whose life might be other-

wise spiritually haphazard enjoys the advantages of a well-regulated life according to the spirit of a canonized founder.

According to Church Law, secular tertiaries are those persons who strive to attain Christian perfection in the world, under the guidance and according to the spirit of some religious order, in a manner compatible with the secular life, and according to the Rules approved for them by the Apostolic See. (Canon 702) Diocesan clergy may join a Third Order, but anyone who has taken temporary or perpetual vows in a religious community may not join such a group. Should such a person leave the monastery or convent, a previous Third Order membership revives. The obligations of tertiaries do not bind under vow or pain of sin, but faithful members share in the merits of fellow tertiaries and of the original order with which they are affiliated. Usually, members enjoy the privilege of burial in the religious habit of the order. No one may belong to more than one Third Order at a time.

Some of the Third Orders date back to the thirteenth century. The most prominent tertiaries organized in this country are the following: The Third Order of Mary, associated with the Marist Fathers; for information, consult any community of Marist Fathers or the Directors at 159 Key Ave., Elm Grove, Wheeling, W. Va., or Bon Secours Hospital, Methuen, Mass. The Director of the Augustinian Tertiaries is located at Villanova Monastery, Villanova, Pa. For information as to the Third Order of St. Dominic, apply to 141 E. 65 St., New York 21, N. Y. A candidate for inclusion among the Franciscan Tertiaries can apply to any Franciscan monastery, or to 8140 Spring Mill Road, Indianapolis 20, Ind. The Third Order Secular of St. Norbert has headquarters at St. Norbert College, West DePere, Wis. Those desirous of becoming tertiaries of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel may apply to any Carmelite monastery. The Servants of Mary tertiary office is at 3121 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 12, Ill.; the office of the Trinitarians, at 4310 Madison St., Hyattsville, Md.

Lenten "Extras"

I always abstain from candy and other sweets during Lent. Is it permissible to partake of them on Sundays?—R. S., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Unless it involve eating between meals, there is no Church obligation during Lent to abstain from sweets. Since the obligation you speak of is self-imposed, you are free to make Sundays an exception. To do so would be in accord with the Church's Lenten spirit, since Sundays in Lent are days of neither fast nor abstinence.

Gregorian Masses

Am beset with worry because of the sudden death of my brother. Please explain the benefit of Gregorian Masses.—F. H., NEW YORK, N. Y.

You have no reason to be beset with worry. Although your brother received sacramental absolution and the sacrament of Extreme Unction a half hour after apparent death, the probability is that actual death had not yet taken place. The fact that the sacraments were imparted to him conditionally means that the sacraments were effective under two conditions: a) that your brother was not really dead; b) that he was properly disposed to receive the sacraments worthily. From all that you say about his life as a consistent, practicing Catholic, there is no room for doubt as to his dispositions. For the very same reason, you need not worry, even though the sacraments were ineffective because of the fact that death had actually occurred.

Gregorian Masses are the Masses offered on thirty con-

secutive days for a departed soul. This practice is based upon a belief of the faithful dating back to ancient times that, through the mercy of God and the special intercession of St. Gregory, the beneficiary of these Masses will be liberated from purgatory. Ordinarily, it is difficult to arrange that a parish priest celebrate Gregorian Masses. The reason for the difficulty is obvious. In assuming this obligation for so many days in unbroken succession, a priest is unable to accommodate many other parishioners who wish a Mass offered without delay.

Justice and Mercy

Am worried because my son, who died in a mental hospital, never went to church.—E. A., COVENTRY, CONN.

You need not worry. From all you have outlined, your son was so afflicted with mental deficiency as not to be obliged to attend church. Even if the good Lord were not all-merciful as well as all-just, His justice alone would take into account that your son was not responsible. Presumably, you arranged for the baptism of your son in the days of his infancy. Even if he did have occasional moments of responsibility, he had the benefit of the last rites of the Church, which are administered in such a way as to provide for all such human emergencies. When we pray that a departed soul may "rest in peace," we pray that he will enjoy eternal peace in the company of God. In that prayer, there is no implication whatever to puzzle or upset you.

Remarriage Possible?

The young man in whom I am interested is separated from his wife who was previously married. Both he and she are unbaptized. I was about to give him up, as I felt a Catholic should do, until I heard there is a possibility of his freedom to marry me.—A. M., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

If the wife's first marriage was valid, then her second was invalid before God, even though she obtained a civil divorce. Even though her second marriage were valid, the fact that both she and your friend are unbaptized might, under the circumstances, entitle him to have recourse to the Pauline Privilege and as a Catholic to marry you within the Church. It may be possible for you to marry him, on either count. But considerable investigation is called for, both legally and on the score of prudence. The laws of both State and Church are at issue. Be sure that this young man does not become a convert merely to ease his way to a Church marriage to you. Consult your parish priest or your nearby Chancery Office at Newark.

Catholic Burial for Divorcee

According to "The Pittsburg Press," actor Bill Eythe was divorced from the daughter of Irving Cobb. Yet he was given a Catholic funeral. I thought a divorced person was automatically out of the Church.—C. M., PITTSBURGH, PA.

A divorced person is not necessarily excommunicated from the Church. Divorce is one thing; an attempted civil remarriage after divorce, quite another. Because of legal involvements, such as a financial settlement or the custody of children, the Church may grant permission to a Catholic to seek a legal divorce, though always with the solemn understanding that there will be no attempt at civil remarriage. Under such circumstances, why should a Catholic be ousted from the Church?

As for Bill Eythe, we are not in the know as to his marital background. The secular press is, generally speaking, notorious for inaccuracy as to religious items, especially when "names make news." Eythe may or may not have been di-

vorced, with or without permission of the Church, or he may have obtained a mere bill of separation which is often referred to loosely as a "divorce." But we may be confident of one thing—had Eythe remarried, the press would have mentioned the fact. And had such an alleged fact been true, the Church would have vetoed a Catholic funeral.

"Heart Trouble"

My daughter is seriously interested in a young man who belongs to a non-Catholic sect. She has attended church with him and claims she feels closer to God there than in our church. She quotes the Bible to prove his church is the only true church. She applies to herself writeups such as the enclosed.—M. A., VALPARAISO, IND.



Your eighteen-year old daughter is in a bad way. The weakness of her faith seems to indicate that she was not educated under Catholic auspices and that even her religious education in Sunday school or under a released time program was neglected. The enclosures which she quotes and underscores are not to the point. We do not presume to question the sincerity of the young man and his family or their fidelity to church. With Bishop Heenan of Leeds, England, all Catholics agree that "it is never permissible to attack other people because of their beliefs." It is another thing altogether to expose this or that belief as historically untenable, as logically unsound. Again we agree with a quotation: "Catholics do not and have never believed that all Protestants go to hell. They believe that every man who follows his conscience sincerely will go to heaven." Your daughter's obligation is to follow her Catholic conscience. Right now, it is her obligation and yours to restore her Catholic conscience to normal health.

As a matter of fact—objectively—there is not and cannot be sufficient reason to secede from the Church. If there were, then for centuries countless millions of Catholics have been "taken in"—including many thousands of the greatest scholars the world has ever known, both Catholic-born and converts. On the other hand, in individual cases here and there, now and then, there may seem—subjectively—to be sufficient reason. Such can be the case when a Catholic's faith is weak. A sickly faith is usually traceable to either or both of two factors—a "half baked" religious education or/and the process of self-deception known as wishful thinking. Certainly, at least the second factor applies to your daughter. In "whodunits" we often find the expression: "*Cherchez la femme!*" "Look for the woman!" In this case, we suspect it should be: "*Cherchez l'homme!*" "Look for the man!" When smitten by a young man, a girl has "heart trouble," of which her wishful thinking is a symptom. No wonder she twists the above quotations to mean: "According to the Catholic Press, people should believe what they want." Whether eagerly or reluctantly, we should be intelligent and honest enough to believe what we *should* believe.

We doubt seriously that—as she claims—when she tried to discuss her problem with a confessor, she was given the "brush-off" and told: "Go say your prayers." You are now confronted with an emergency involving not only your daughter but, quite possibly, generations of souls to come. Why not arrange an interview for your daughter with your parish priest, either at the rectory or at your home? In the latter setting, she might be more at ease. And ask him to recommend a list of appropriate reading material. In the meantime, pray earnestly. Parents are responsible for their children—body and soul. Your problem is typical of many thousands of others in today's world.

THE SIGN'S PEOPLE OF THE MONTH



LEFT—Dr. Karl Herzfeld lectures to a Catholic University physics class.
BELOW—He and his wife, Regina, pose in their study at Catholic University

They study atoms and men



Photographs by Jacques Loe

There is a scholarly Washington family in which the proper study of woman is man and the proper study of man is physics. It is the well-known husband-wife scientific team of Drs. Karl and Regina Flannery Herzfeld. Karl is chairman of the Physics Department at Catholic University and Regina is a professor of anthropology. Together, they stand astride two of the most significant fields of knowledge that exist today. To Karl, physics is important because of its position at the center of the massive scientific discoveries of the last few decades. "We have learned more about inorganic matter and the forces that hold it together in the last forty years than we did in the previous four hundred." At the same time, he believes, scientists have a better understanding of what to expect of science. "Scientists have not given up the idea of scientific progress," he points out, "but they have given up the notion that progress will necessarily bring happiness." For her part, Mrs. Herzfeld is more concerned with the sweeping cultural changes that are now so much a part of life. "Anthropology," he says, "can help us understand what happens when different patterns of culture meet. It is also of great practical aid in developing programs to cope with the social changes that are happening all over the world today."

House of Friendship

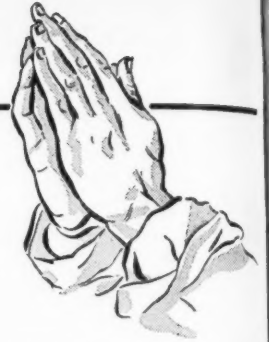


James Guinan, St. Peter Claver director: "What better use is there for a B.A. in philosophy?"

Guinan visits a family threatened with eviction: "People are more important than problems"



James Guinan, director of the St. Peter Claver Center, Washington branch of the Friendship House movement, is the proud possessor of a shy, elfin grin that breaks easily into uninhibited Irish laughter. But behind that happy exterior lies a serious man with a serious mind dedicated to the task of alleviating the worst effects of the pattern of discrimination that still survives in the nation's capital. "What makes Friendship House unique," says Guinan, "is its emphasis on the personal performance of the works of mercy. People are more important than problems." Though a large part of the Center's activity is taken up with helping people—distributing clothing to the poor, helping evicted families find housing, it also works on the problems. Recently, it helped set up a clearing house on discrimination in employment and also collaborated on a survey of discrimination in capital hospitals. One result was wider acceptance of Negro doctors on hospital staffs. The Center also has a farm in Burnley, Virginia. Here, underprivileged children come for country vacations, adults for study weekends, and staff members and volunteers for annual retreats. A former Navy Lieutenant, Guinan joined the Friendship House movement in 1947. He was elected director of the Washington House in 1952. As he explains his choice of a vocation: "I wanted to do something in the lay apostolate, and, besides, what better use is there for a B.A. in philosophy?"



Purgatory—Pain of Delay

by **KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.**

For some reason known only to Himself God has not chosen to tell us very much about purgatory. While God invites us to meditate upon purgatory, to penetrate its meaning, we must always respect the impenetrable obscurity in which He has left the mystery. This obscurity is willed by God. It commands our respect.

Sometimes we are guilty of an ill-founded assurance which prompts us to be precise where there is not precision, to give answers to unanswerable questions. We want details. Take the matter of fire in purgatory, for instance. Perhaps the idea of fire is too inexorably tied, in the popular mind, to the idea of purgatory. It is especially unfortunate that all the representations of purgatory single out this one aspect for emphasis. The Church has never defined that the souls in purgatory suffer by reason of fire. She does teach that the souls in purgatory suffer. This is a matter of faith. But beyond this the Church has not gone.

It should be added that some theologians have been of the opinion that there is fire in purgatory. What is given as opinion, however, should not be received as revealed truth.

The Church does teach that the souls in purgatory suffer. But essentially their pain is the pain of delay. The souls in purgatory know, as we can never know this side of death, the meaning of God. They do not see God as do the saints in heaven, but they have experienced Him in some manner. They know He is wisdom, holiness, glory, the beginning and end of all life, the source of our beatitude, the meaning of man. They understand that man is made perfect when he enters into the joy of the Lord, which is life eternal and love eternal and praise eternal.

The souls in purgatory have touched the Eternal, but they cannot yet possess It, cannot see It face to face. The desire to go to God, to possess Him and be possessed by Him, defines their existence. Desire is their life and their joy. But they still have imperfections,

the remnants of sin not yet removed by atonement. They cannot go where nothing defiled can enter until all the effects of sin have been removed. Indeed they would, in their present condition, find heaven an indescribable torment. They must not be thought of as being thrust into purgatory, imprisoned against their wills. Theirs is a welcomed pain because they know that through it they will attain God.

They are drawn to God by desire, yet they cannot, do not want to, go to God while any imperfection remains. Desire is their pain. Delay is their suffering. Purified, liberated, matured, by desire and delay, the souls are made perfect and enter into glory.

From what has been said, it can be seen how out of character are those representations of purgatory which picture it as the antechamber to hell, or as hell's upper-storey. This view would reduce the difference between hell and purgatory to a matter only of duration. The damned suffer for all eternity, while the souls in purgatory suffer for a limited extent of time. Purgatory becomes a temporary hell.

This is not quite correct. The souls in purgatory suffer intense pain. But there is hope in their pain. They know with absolute assurance that they will attain God. They have not lost God, as have those in hell. We should never forget that the souls in hell are the damned, while the souls in purgatory are the elect, true members of Christ's Mystical Body. They love God and are loved by God. If we are to compare purgatory to either heaven or hell, we would have to say that, for all the intensity of pain, purgatory is more like heaven than hell. Purgatory is the vestibule to heaven.

To conceive purgatory as a place of vast organized torture is to miss its meaning. The pain in purgatory is great. But if there is pain in purgatory, there is also joy. Their joy rises out of the knowledge that they will surely see God. Of the joys of purgatory St. Catherine of Genoa wrote: "Apart from the happiness of the saints in

heaven, I think there is no joy comparable to that of the souls in purgatory. An incessant communication with God renders their happiness daily more intense, and this union with God grows more and more intimate, according as the impediments to that union . . . are consumed."

We are accustomed to call the souls in purgatory "poor souls." There is a manner of speaking in which they are poor. They are poor because of the pain they suffer. Nothing they can do can shorten the duration of their pain. Because they look to us for prayers and good works with which to relieve them, they can be thought of as something akin to beggars. And so they are poor.

But in a more fundamental sense they are not poor at all. They are sure of their salvation, which we are not. Their love for God is more intense than ours. Filled with hope, they are happier than it is possible to be in this life. Though it is not incorrect to call them poor souls, "holy souls" is more characteristic of their state.

A final misconception with regard to purgatory. It seems a commonly accepted fact that everyone, excepting great saints, must inevitably pass through purgatory. However, the condition for avoiding purgatory is negative: there must be no sins and no remnants of sin. Since the condition is negative, no sins and no remnants of sin, the avoidance of purgatory is not directly connected with sanctity, which is a positive quality. Little saints as well as great saints can avoid purgatory. A devout husband and father who lived a good Catholic life might well fulfill this negative condition. When we think of Viaticum, Extreme Unction and the Apostolic Blessing which a dying person receives, we should be surprised if persons of modest sanctity could not avoid purgatory. Purgatory is a possibility for all of us; not an inevitability.

The mystery of purgatory remains obscure. But in the midst of the mystery, out of the pain of desire, comes the surety that here all is love and hope.

BOOKS

THE DYNAMICS OF WORLD HISTORY

By Christopher Dawson. Edited by John J. Mulloy. Sheed & Ward. 489 pages. \$6.00

As God shakes up the nations of the earth and disrupted world civilizations intermingle and seek to form again, more and more general readers are turning to the meta-historians to find out what it is all about.



C. Dawson

Spengler, Sorokin, Northrup, and Toynbee are currently consulted with more or less orthodox results. But among them all, the quiet man from Yorkshire who writes so soberly and patiently but always with crystal clarity may well outlast them all. A master of understatement while uttering the most explosive ideas and writing almost as impersonally as St. Thomas, the vastly erudite Christopher Dawson grows in stature with the years.

In this superb volume, John Mulloy has ably edited selections from the many books and magazine articles written by Dawson, from 1921 to 1955. The rich material of this book is organized in logical rather than chronological order. The general plan moves around four main fields of interest: (1) the general movement of world history; (2) the dynamics of culture, as biologic, geographic, economic, and intellectual factors fuse and interact; (3) Dawson's criticism and evaluation of various conceptions of world history as presented by St. Augustine, Gibbon, Marx, H. G. Wells, Spengler, and Toynbee; (4) the comparison of religious experience as evidenced in the world religions.

The editor concludes the book with a splendid chapter on "Continuity and Development of Dawson's Thought." Personal correspondence adds interest as well as enlightenment.

This book will be a joy to many sociologists and historians, theologians and philosophers, statesmen, journalists, and public speakers. Dawson is one historian who does not get lost in the current fog of pantheism or the prevailing mud of materialism.

GERARD ROONEY, C. P.

DAY OF INFAMY

By Walter Lord. Holt. 243 pages. \$3.95

The *You Are There* treatment which Walter Lord applied to the Titanic sinking in *A Night To Remember*, paid off handsomely. In *Day of Infamy* he uses the same technique to relate the Pearl Harbor disaster. To tell the story of historic events through eyewitness accounts is of course good journalism. When well done, as it is here, the picture is vividly memorable. The gathering together of all this colorful information in one accessible place is also a worthwhile gain.

The subject has sure-fire appeal and Mr. Lord has skillfully recreated the sense of staggering shock, the incredulity, anger, and confusion of that unforgettable day. Among the thirty pages of photographs is a page from the program of the Army-Navy football game played November 29, 1941, showing a picture of the "Arizona" with this notation: "It is significant that despite the claims of air enthusiasts no battleship has yet been sunk by bombs."

The blow-by-blow account device has its merits by achieving an impact on the reader, but it is not a perfect method. The cast of characters begins to get unwieldy and some trivialities are given undue emphasis. Toward the end of the book the vein runs thin. Mr. Lord also goes astray in leaving the scene of Pearl Harbor and attempting to sum up American reaction by citing inadequate and misleading quotes. The question of responsibility for the disaster is not touched upon. The author's research for this book is certainly impressive, and he will probably be rewarded by another whopping best seller.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

SUNDAYS FROM TWO TO SIX

By Virginia Abaunza. Bobbs-Merrill. 222 pages. \$3.50

Virginia Abaunza's maiden novel should be made "required reading" for all parents contemplating separation or divorce. Although not a work designed to probe psychological depths, the story strives successfully to impart a measure of pity and concern for the children whose parents plunge them into a gulf of distraught emotions and confusion by

tearing asunder the matrimonial bonds.

Written from the viewpoint of a sixteen-year-old daughter, Cody Benson, this volume describes how bleak and barren are the spirits of children whose company with their fathers is doled out in four-hour chunks—Sundays from two o'clock until six. How Cody manages to adjust her perspective and banish resentment from her soul makes an excellent novel.

Miss Abaunza is not without feeling for the humorous. The antics of Cody's younger brothers provide comic relief to the permeating atmosphere of unremitting concern and unuttered bitterness. It is surprising how the minor atrocities of children at play lighten the baleful theme.

To convey her message all the more emphatically, Miss Abaunza wisely refrains from imputing blame for the Benson breakup to either of Cody's parents. Indeed it is quite clear that both have ample justification for complaint. But the larger question, never directly asked, looms thirsting for a reply: is the measure of tranquility afforded by separation worth the misery and sense of shame thrust upon the children?

One can only hope that the acceptance which comes to Cody Benson can be made readily available for others similarly situated.

FRANCIS X. GALLAGHER.

THE SCAPEGOAT

By Daphne Du Maurier. Doubleday. 348 pages. \$3.95

The Scapegoat, like *Rebecca*, is a thriller with a heart. John, its hero, is one of those adventure-prone university dons so fashionable now in fiction. Suddenly, in his early colorless middle age he finds himself a masquerader and scapegoat for Jean de Gue, a French count who is as actively evil as he is dimly good.

John permits himself to be taken in de Gue's guise to de Gue's home. It is a snake pit of domestic hatred and jealousy. In his muddling way he tries to tidy up. But research into medieval French intrigue is no preparation for



D. DuMaurier

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copied with its modern counterpart. To John's grief, he seems at first to cause as much pain as comfort. When finally he attempts one desperate, decisive solution he is ironically outdone.

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CLORINDA CLARKE

EMPIRE OF FEAR

By Vladimir & Evdokia Petrov.
Praeger. 351 pages. \$5.00

Every book published about Communism gives new confirmation to the old saying that truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction. No whodunit can equal the drama of these real life stories of Soviet intrigue today, and this so aptly titled account of the lives of two Russian agents and their defection from Communism is no exception. It was just three years ago that the Petrovs, husband and wife career officers in the Soviet MVD—the secret police—left the diplomatic service in Australia, sought political asylum there, and revealed to the authorities the ramifications of the spy system Petrov had tried to set up in the country.

The book is packed with valuable inside information no student of the Communist system can afford to miss, for this couple have more information to reveal about Communist Russia than any who have so far testified. Vladimir Petrov became a party member in 1927 and joined the MVD (then the OGPU) in 1933. He was a colonel when he quit in 1954. Mrs. Petrov joined the secret service child "pioneers" and had strong political indoctrination.

Although she subsequently became a captain in the secret police and in 1940 married Petrov, a colonel, she was never free of fear. Proof of the honesty of the Petrovs' book is found in their frank confession that they defected from fear. They were not stricken suddenly with moral revulsion or complete loss of ideological conviction.

Interesting informative sidelights on the Great Purges of 1936-38, the conspiracy to murder Trotsky, and the more recent strange story of Burgess and MacLean, illuminate this dark story of life in the Soviet bureaucracy which the Petrovs call "the Empire of Fear."

Under assumed names the Petrovs are

now Australian citizens. The Australian Royal Commission on Espionage examined them for more than 100 hours and used the extensive means at their disposal to cross-check much of their testimony. The Commission reports that "The Petrovs are witnesses of truth."

IRENE CORBALLY KUHN.

THE CATHOLIC PRIEST IN THE MODERN WORLD

By James A. Wagner.
Bruce.

291 pages.
\$4.75

The Church of Christ, ever the same, must be constantly related to the changing world. Priests of Christ, ever the same essentially in Father Paul of the Corinthians, Father Athanasius of Constantinian's day, and Father Fulton of this TV century, must likewise be constantly related to the time and place in which they strive. Here we look at the priest in the complex scramble of today's world, mid-century U. S. A.

Father Wagner's previous writings established his competence to treat an impressive scope of current realities. They have ranged from psychological penetration to socio-cultural comment on Mexico. He now joins that grand gallery of English-language exhorters to sacerdotal excellence among whom we count Cardinals Manning and Gibbons.

Father Wagner treats in greater detail the multifarious demands made upon the priest's time and talents. He courses through the minutiae of parish records, the atmosphere and tone of rectory and housekeeper, how to answer the telephone (never say: Father is shaving now!), on into the greater issues of world missions, parochial schools, and the intellectual apostolate.

The priest leader, of whom we should have many, will grasp more deeply why he feels deficient to much that's asked of him. And the laity, among whom we should have many readers, will grasp more fully why they must awaken to their full role in Christ's apostolate.

True to his professorial background, Father Wagner is expository rather than inspirational. This will not inflame you with Pentecostal fire, but you can gather a goodly supply of kindling. Because of its extensive scope, the book appears to skim too lightly over some of the major boulders along the priest's path. The upbuilding of the Christian social order deeply preoccupies Church and papacy. The slight treatment given this herculean endeavor could indicate that this is an extracurricular elective. He does much better with the liturgy.

Cardinal Stritch in his short fore-

word summarizes the best the priest can attain in this day of dangerous actionism: "To appear before men as if he had just left the conscious presence of God."

J. B. GREMILLION.

MANHUNT

By Donald MacKenzie.
Houghton Mifflin.

250 pages.
\$3.00

Time-server in the jails of four countries, Donald MacKenzie, former con-man and burglar, now turned author, writes with genuine knowledge of and insight into the predicament of a man being hunted down by the law after a spectacular escape from jail. When the story opens, Paul Gregory has been committed to London's Wandsworth Prison for robbery and is plotting his escape, aided by a friend on the outside.

Once the break is accomplished the story moves swiftly, with mounting suspense as the manhunt begins and spreads out all over the city. Paul Gregory needs all his wits about him to outsmart not only the pursuing Law but those supposed friends of his who betray him for their own gain. There are thrilling moments of high tension, as when the police are closing in on him as he picks the lock of the unoccupied house where he plans to hide. Always one step ahead of his pursuers and finally trusting in a girl, a chance acquaintance, he seems well on the way to freedom when the fatal mistake—there is always one—takes him all unawares, and not until the end, in the very last line, is the outcome revealed.

This is high entertainment for those who like these chills and thrills. The authenticity of detail makes this particularly real and credible.

FORTUNATA CALIRI.

ONE MARRIAGE, TWO FAITHS

By James H. S. Bossard & Eleanor Stoker Boll.
Ronald

180 pages.
\$3.50

Today American youth marries at an earlier age than any other people in the Western world. Many who marry are perfectly convinced that starry-eyed young love plus a vague, untried "tolerance" equals a sure formula for success in a mixed marriage. Such people should read this book.

With the calm detachment of dedicated scientists, Professors Bossard and Boll, sociologists at the University of Pennsylvania, analyze the hazards to happiness in interfaith marriages. They rightly insist that no marriage exists in



BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE

by Msgr. Ronald Knox

Young people always love Msgr. Knox and, as he says, seem always to be getting married and asking him to preach at their weddings. This book of short, delightful talks is one happy result. He has something new, cheerful and very well worth remembering to say to each bridegroom and bride.

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SOUND OF A DISTANT HORN

by Sven Stolpe

This novel by a Swedish convert is his first to appear in English. In Europe his novels have made something of a sensation: he has been called "the Swedish Graham Greene." Oddly enough, it isn't a bad description, though he works on a larger canvas and is a more joyous man than Graham Greene. If we told you the plot you wouldn't believe this, but read it and you will agree.

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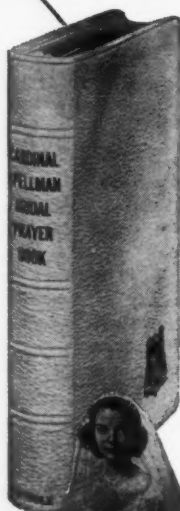


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a vacuum; a marriage of two people of different faiths is necessarily a fusion of two cultures. Consequently there are repercussions upon family living, child development, friendships, and, at times, even business advancement.

Relying on more than a quarter of a century's experience as marriage counselors, the authors are committed to no *a priori* thesis for or against mixed marriages. While they document the opposition of almost all Churches to interfaith marriages, they profess no special loyalty to the discipline of any church or creed. They simply let the facts speak for themselves. And the facts sound a sober warning against an expectation of easy success in a mixed marriage.

Yet mixed marriages are multiplying. Among Catholics, about 30 per cent of the valid marriages contracted during the last twenty years have been mixed marriages. The problem is complicated by the high premium put upon merely romantic attraction by twentieth-century Americans. In this matter the wise professors give a piece of sage advice: "When one thinks in terms of lifelong union, being a good mixer and having a presentable pair of legs are less important than what one thinks about God, the family meal, and a crying baby."

Every priest and social worker will recognize a note of authenticity in the illustrative cases given for the reader's instruction. Any informed Catholic will recognize that the "patterns of adjustment" outlined in the last chapter are, for the most part, unacceptable to the Catholic conscience.

AUGUSTINE PAUL HENNESSY, C. P.

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A DISTANT DRUM

By Charles B. Flood.
Houghton Mifflin.

500 pages.
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Poignant is the word for this sensitive novel by the writer of *Love is a Bridge*, winner of the Golden Book Award of the Catholic Writers Guild in 1953. Mr. Flood has thus cleared the hurdle of a second novel, and this one may yet win him even more kudos than did his first one.

A Distant Drum is the story of the stony path of youth to maturity, a path not made any smoother in this novel by the intrusion of the Korean war. We meet Patrick Kingsgrant, a young man insulated by a comfortable family income from life's ragged edges, while he is a student at Harvard college. Patrick has found here the inspiration to adopt a career of writing, despite the opposition of his strong-minded father, who has other plans for his son.

A staunch Catholic, Patrick falls de-



C. B. Flood

spairingly in love with a non-Catholic girl, and Mr. Flood handles the resultant inevitable conflict with restraint and understanding. With the coming of war in Korea, Patrick enlists in the Army despite a handicapping birth injury and, as it did to so many of his fellows, the transition from the sheltered portals of college life to the sometimes coarse and brutal atmosphere of a basic training camp has a profound effect. The chapters on army life at Fort Dix and Camp Kilmer are among the most vivid of such portrayals I have yet encountered. It is made abundantly clear that the experience will condition Patrick's response to his problems the rest of his days.

The only trouble you will find with this book will be in getting it away from the other members of the family long enough to read it yourself.

Can one say more?

VICTOR J. NEWTON.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT LABOR?

By Rev. James Myers & Dr. Harry J. Laidler. 301 pages. Day. \$4.75

If your answer to this important title-question is "very little," this book is for you. Truly, much of the news of our day is a baffling puzzle to people ignorant of the realities of the labor movement. On the part of anyone earning a living, such ignorance is a serious hazard. Certainly for the Christian trying to make a moral judgment on any issue in the labor field, this ignorance would be a grave obstacle.

This book can dispel such ignorance. Within three hundred pages it offers a variety of well-classified information on the labor movement. In rather terse prose the authors cover the history of U.S. labor, union structure and function, labor contracts, strikes, and the responsibility of unions. Further chapters deal with the controversial right-to-work laws, civil liberties, and racial equality, and such forward-looking measures as the guaranteed annual wage, profit-sharing, and democratic ownership. The international aspect of the labor movement has a chapter here and so has the relationship of labor and religion.

Catholics will be happy to find in the latter chapter a frank recognition of the moral aspect of labor relations. Likewise they will see identified a number of the more notable projects and personalities in the field of Catholic social action in this country today.

The book includes an excellent bibliography, a list of "agencies dealing with labor and economics," and a detailed directory of labor unions with listing of their officers.

For the person aware of his factual ignorance of the labor scene, this ra-

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JOHN LORNE.

CROWN OF GLORY

By Alden Hatch & Seamus Walshe.
Hawthorn. 251 pages. \$4.95

The frail, dynamic figure of Pius XII walking through the history of our time has caught the admiration of an American Protestant and current biographer, Alden Hatch. To tell the Pontiff's story he has joined talent with Irishborn, Catholic Seamus Walshe, who is a teacher at Notre Dame International School in Rome.

Their book is good journalism, easily read, attractively illustrated, and informative. But no one should go to it (or to any other book for some years) expecting to find a perceptive view of the inner man behind the phenomenal achievements of the reigning pope.

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The body of the book ends with the Pope's vision of Christ which came at the end of a recent illness. Then Alden Hatch adds a short note: "A Protestant Looks at the Pope." His conclusion: history will record that our age revered Pius XII as its holiest man. The weakness: very little of the narration really prepares you for this judgment. No chronicle of a man's rise through offices, or listing of diplomatic successes and failures adds up to a canonization.

Probably for a real life of Pius XII we will have to wait for many years. Right now if you would like to read a skillful, admiring sketch of a great Pope, this could be a well-placed bet.

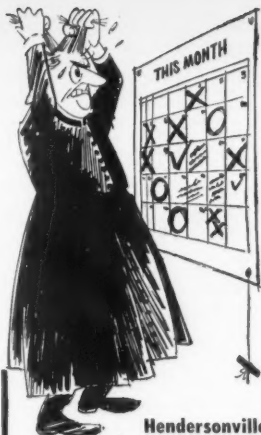
JOHN J. KIRVAN.

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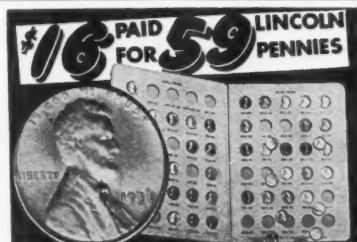
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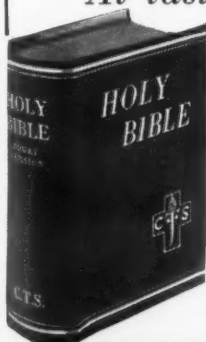
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cannon, the voice of history reminds us
that the blood of Canada has been
drained by her own corrupt civil leaders.
Wolfe merely delivered the coup de
grace.

PAUL QUINN, C.P.

THE LION AND THE THRONE

By Catherine D. Bowen. 652 pages.
Little, Brown. \$6.00

Mrs. Bowen's earlier
studies of lawyer-patriots, *Yankee From
Olympus* (Justice
Holmes) and *John
Adams and the Ameri-
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established her reputa-
tion as one of Ameri-
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biography. In the present work, the life
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England, the author even surpasses her
previous accomplishments.



C. D. Bowen

The book, in fact, is more than the
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warm and vivid pen captures much of
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that began during the early Elizabethan
period and ended soon after the death
of James I. Through the life of Sir
Edward Coke, Elizabeth's Attorney Gen-
eral and James' Chief Justice, the
turbulent and colorful pageantry of a
fascinating period of history is un-
folded.

"Coke," says the author, "was Eng-
lish law personified." Yet this is no dry-
as-dust study of legal growth so much
as it is a portrait of a man, ambitious

hard, and seemingly cruel in his early years, but growing into maturity and wisdom with the passage of time.

Judging by the book's impressive documentation, Mrs. Bowen has spent long hours in American and European research libraries. She has literally combed the chronicles, letters, diaries, and other minutiae of history to authenticate her story. The end result is a magnificent literary and historical achievement which deserves to cop a few prizes before the year is out.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.

MR. LINCOLN

By J. G. Randall.
Dodd, Mead.

392 pages.
\$6.50

Pre-eminent among the more than 5,000 biographies of Lincoln is J. G. Randall's *Lincoln the President*. A leading Lincolnian scholar, Professor Randall devoted a lifetime to his subject. And even though his study ran into four heavily documented volumes, he emphasized that his aim was not to write a detailed narrative summary; rather it was to "come to a recovery of the real Lincoln."

Books, monographs, and manuscripts seemed to have one thing in common: contradictions. Although most Lincoln legends amounted to apotheosis, there were also those that castigated and vilified. Some saw him, for example, as a great strategist and supreme military genius; others pointed to his lack of effective military administration. He was supposed to drip with sadness, but he was reported to explode with laughter. Denounced as a dictator and damned as a rationalist, he was nonetheless reputed to be the very antithesis of such charges. Professor Randall's achievement provides an answer "to the inquiry as to where the pedestrian course of history ends and the limitless soaring of fiction ends."

For those lacking the time and scholarly zeal necessary to tackle the masterwork, this abridgement, *Mr. Lincoln*, has just been published. If you want the latest Lincoln lore in capsule form, this "personal portrait on the human side" is for you.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

SOUND OF A DISTANT HORN

By Sven Stolpe,
Sheed & Ward.

301 pages.
\$3.95

This is a novel which might have delighted the great melancholy O'Neill, but which the great cheerful Chesterton would surely have detested. The author, a Swedish convert whose work is commanding attention in Europe, is of the professedly realistic school; and for some inscrutable reason even our Catholic realists seem always more concerned with the dark than with the

bright sides of life. To Sven Stolpe, indeed, life offers few bright moments save in utter self-renunciation: he believes it "a form of punishment," although there is "Someone following us who wants to redeem us."

The story opens with a prize fight, which the author finds curiously symbolic of "a human mass," and closes with a death from cancer, which he more credibly links up with the martyrdom of Calvary. In between are running histories of an agnostic physician with a frustrated wife and a mistress enslaved by cocaine—of a "successful" cleric broken by the revelation of his own insincerity, and a younger priest apostolic but half-mad—of a Jewish refugee destined to become a nun—and of the invalid protagonist, almost lost to faith and hope if not to charity, haunted by memories of his youth, his conversion, and the wife he had wrongly suspected, but saved at last in his acceptance of pain.

It is a book for the few rather than the many, and not for the immature or squeamish reader. Those who can stomach its grimness may well be shaken by the intensity of its conflicts and by the sparks of poetic and mystic beauty piercing its stretches of brutality and neuroticism.

KATHERINE BREGY.

NEVER SO FEW

By Tom Chamales.
Scribner.

499 pages.
\$4.50

On page 136 of this sprawling novel about the Burma Campaign of World War II, Con Reynolds, the protagonist, unveils his conviction that there are no such things "as lewd, or vulgar, or obscene words; the lewdness, the vulgarity, the obscenity being only in the thought of the sayer or the listener." Apparently convinced that this reasoning is valid, the author—proceeding as one who has taken a mental purgative—spreads his four-letter vocabulary with profligate abandon.

But he has something to say about the physical, mental, and moral cesspools that are the very fabric of war. What he has to say is confused and untidy; it is also elemental and painfully searching. It is as though he had started with a stylized concept of a painting about war and it had grown into an immense mural upon which was splashed all the agony of a soul in search of itself.

This is a first novel. It certainly does not come up with answers. But author Chamales is clearly a man in search of answers. Sacrilegious, he certainly is; undisciplined and bumptious yes.



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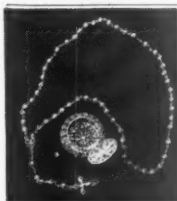
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But he is either the greatest literary hoaxer of this generation or he is thoroughly honest—savagely and rebelliously honest, with a fierce integrity as valid as it is feverish. Out of his own experiences (he commanded 2000 guerrilla Kachin forces in Burma) he has fashioned an overpowering gripe against the futility, inhumanity, and colossal venality of war. He has accumulated encyclopedic if superficial information which, through the mind of Con Reynolds, he tries to collate into wisdom—as yet unrealized. Christianity, Hinduism, and a vague existentialism are confusedly intermingled. Mr. Chamales gives evidence of being pursued by "The Hound of Heaven." If writing this book will help him, it is, then, its own best reason. But this is not for the sensitive, the squeamish, or the fastidious.

LAFAYETTE L. MARCHAND.

SHORT NOTICES

FRONTIERS IN AMERICAN CATHOLICISM. By Walter J. Ong, S. J. 125 pages. Macmillan. \$2.50. This book manifests and further develops our growing awareness of those accidental characteristics of American Catholicism which distinguish it from Catholicism of other times and other countries. This self-awareness is a new thing for Americans and for Catholics. The view which emerges has the clarity and refreshing quality of a bright spring morning.

American culture and the Catholic religion have meant much to each other in the past and will mean even more to each other in the future. It is important that our educated people understand what this means to both. We recommend this book especially to college students.

AN OUTLINE OF HINDUISM. By Fr. Zacharias, O. C. D. 483 pages. St. Joseph's Seminary. \$1.50. The religious, philosophical, and literary productions of India form, perhaps, the most vast and complex body of thought in the world, and some of it belongs among the most sublime things ever conceived by the mind of man. Capable studies of this tradition are now being made by Indian and Western scholars. Father Zacharias, one of the few Catholics who have given serious and prolonged attention to Hindu studies, has now given us a good survey of the field. It is a useful reference work. We know of no other such work available in English written by a Catholic.

THE COMMANDMENT OF LOVE. By John J. Sullivan, S. J. 138 pages. Vantage Press. \$2.75. We are apt to forget at times that the law of love

is as much and more of a commandment as any of the decalogue. Father Sullivan in his little book shows us in a very clear and learned way how and why this is so. Basing his writing on St. Thomas' treatise on the First and greatest of the Commandments, the author analyzes each part of the precept of charity: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart. He also shows the relationship between this commandment and the Ten Commandments of the Old Law. Some practical suggestions for fulfilling this Commandment of Charity are likewise made. Everyone who reads this book carefully will have a better appreciation of the meaning of charity and a keener desire to obey the commandment in its entirety.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION. By Philip Hughes. 343 pages. Hanover House. \$4.00. To tell in the short compass of three hundred and forty-three pages the whole story of the tremendous religious revolution of the sixteenth century is extremely difficult. Nevertheless Father Hughes has drawn on his inexhaustible store of learning to present in popular form a superb digest of the events, issues, and personalities of that fateful period.

A Popular History of the Reformation is clear, considering the difficulties of the task; complete, considering the shortness of the book; and concise, considering the complexities to be resolved. As a basis for review, or as an introduction to more detailed study, the book can be highly recommended.

ON THE TRUTH OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH. By St. Thomas Aquinas. Vols. I to IV, \$2.50, Vol. V, \$3.00. Hanover House. The beauty of a great mind is that it is always modern for every generation. Written seven hundred years ago, the *Summa Contra Gentiles* became one of the great Christian classics defending and expounding the basic truths of the Catholic Faith. Along with the *Summa Theologica*, it belongs in every Christian library. Now, thanks to the excellent translation of four American scholars and the economical but solid craftsmanship of the publisher, American readers have at hand in convenient, readable style this superb work of the universal doctor of the Church. Publication of the fifth volume now makes the set complete.

YOU CAN STOP WORRYING. By Samuel W. Gutwirth. 114 pages. Regnery. \$3.00. This book promises to disclose a practical method for quieting the mind by means of muscular relaxation. The author claims there has been established through clinical experimentation conclusive proof that thinking

worrying, and emotional activities involve muscular action. By relaxing the muscle tensions involved in worry, it is possible to be relaxed and no longer worried.

The technique of relaxation seems easy to apply, for the practical method of progressive relaxation is demonstrated through step-by-step lessons accompanied by illustrations which have been proved effective.

For a worrier the method is worth a trial. In fact the method the author outlines could not be less than helpful to most of us.

SUDDEN SPLENDOR. By M. K. Richardson. 242 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.25. Made to order for a good biography is the life of Mabel Digby, dynamic, high-born English girl who once said to a Catholic friend, "I'd rather die than set foot in one of your churches. . . ."

A conversion as sudden as Saint Paul's catapulted Mabel Digby into the Church. Reluctantly she was received into the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. At fifty she was elected Superior General.

It was during the rule of Mother Digby that the anticlericals came into power in France. In order to secure their control in the next generation, it was necessary to destroy the faith of the children. This was to be accomplished by taxing the religious congregations, particularly teaching orders, out of existence. The Law of 1895 was intended to give legal standing to the spoliation of schools.

Forty-six houses of the Society were closed and confiscated. Forty-six new foundations were made in lands all over the world by these nuns in exile.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PASSION. By Charles Hugo Doyle. 93 pages. Bruce. \$1.85. Father Doyle is no newcomer to the field of Catholic writing. Those who know him from his other books *Cana Is Forever* and *Sins of Parents* can expect to find his latest work of the same high caliber.

Reflections on the Passion are thirty-nine fresh, inspirational, moving thoughts for each of the weekdays of Lent. With the experience and understanding gained from his priestly contact with souls, Father Doyle centers these brief considerations of the events of Our Lord's life around His Sorrowful Passion. In each of the short chapters, the reader is given suggestions to draw these thoughts out for better and holier living. Father Doyle certainly shows the truth of St. Bonaventure's words: "He who desires to go on advancing from virtue to virtue, from grace to grace, should constantly meditate on the Passion of Jesus Christ."



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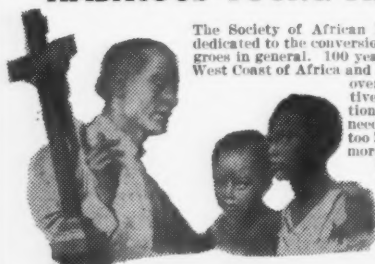
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African Angelus
issue of Jan/Feb 1956

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NEW YORK'S NO. 1 FIREMAN

(Continued from page 22)

anagh has had more than his share of excitement. But nothing has so impressed him as meeting the present Pope when, as Cardinal Pacelli, His Holiness toured America before the war. The Pontiff stayed at an estate next to Cavanagh's father's home and Ed was presented to him at a reception. "It was my greatest thrill," he recalled.

As it would be to any practicing Catholic like Cavanagh. He is a member of the Holy Name Society at St. Patrick's Church in Glen Cove, L. I., where he has a summer home, and last year was one of the hardest workers on the memorial gifts when the church put on a building fund campaign.

In his home, too, there is a strong emphasis on his religion. One great precept that he continually calls to his children's attention is one of the Lord's fundamental teachings—"What doth a profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?"

The Cavanagh home environment is warm and affectionate, although punctuated frequently by the ringing of bells.

Thus time has turned Nancy into an authentic buff, too, and now the Cavanaghs have full alarm systems in both the apartment and the Glen Cove house. And when a big one taps in, Ed has to move fast if he expects to beat Nancy to the door.

The couple's four children—Edward 3d, fourteen, just starting high school with the Jesuits; Nanette, eleven; Tony, nine; and even six-year-old Angela—are aficionados, too, like their parents, their paternal grandfather, and Ed's brother, John, an insurance executive.

Seems practically every New York politico worthy of the title has tabbed him as a comer, for his proven ability as an administrator in the marine and fire departments. And, nothing falsely modest about him, Ed readily admits he is not without political ambition.

He has been mentioned as a possible Democratic nominee for either the mayoralty or the presidency of the City Council, which has been a convenient stepping stone to the Mayor's office before this.

"I would like to run for elective office when the people of New York think I'm experienced enough," he said, "although I guess it's foolish to speculate that far ahead." He added: "And then, there are probably others available with a higher priority. So it could be that my role will continue to be administrative."

Well, no matter. If that's the way the ball bounces, and if Cavanagh doesn't move up the municipal ladder, he'll still be the envy of most of the 8,000,000 souls whom his department protects:

A lucky Irishman blessed with a hobby and a job all rolled into one!

LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

Editor's Note: D-Day for Torch, the code name for the British-American invasion of French North Africa, was November 8, 1942. The first Marine Division went ashore at Lunga Point, Guadalcanal, on August 7, 1942.

HOWARD MITCHELL

Will you please send us immediately 55 copies of your February, 1957 issue, the copy with Howard Mitchell on the cover. This was excellent, and we want to make copies available to members of our Board. Again, our thanks for this fine article. We share your thoughts about what a wonderful person Howard Mitchell is both in his professional and his personal life.

RALPH BLACK, MANAGER

THE NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DUBLIN FAMILY

Congratulations on John D. Sheridan's article, "A Dublin Family at Work and Play" (March).

His factual and forthright portrayal of typical Irish family living unfolds the bias and distortion that too frequently underscore articles published concerning "The Vanishing Irish."

Well could the O'Neills' pattern be emulated in our lives. It would spell stronger spirituality, sounder physical and happier human beings. What more could one ask for his family?

MRS. RAY J. TREPANIER

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

MACDONALD CAREY

With a divorce, drink, and innuendo-laden movie such as *High Society* featuring top Catholic stars Grace Kelly and Bing Crosby, it is heartening to read about a fine person like Macdonald Carey (Maureen Mahoney, "Letters," March issue, p. 77). May Mr. Carey's tribe increase.

JOSEPH ZDERAD

WESTCHESTER, ILL.

Just a word of praise on the fine work being done in presenting *THE SIGN*. I have been receiving it for two years now and I am still as enthusiastic about it as I was when I first subscribed. The variety of articles would be hard to match. I especially appreciate pictures of well-known people in the movie field. Your spread on Macdonald Carey was wonderful. Hope to see more on same.

MRS. NICK VERROCO

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

THE VOICE OF PASSION?

Bad manners to whoever said it the first time, that bagpipe music is the voice of "uproar and misrule" and of "rude passion." (March, p. 53). He was an old Jute

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or Saxon, that's what. 'Tis possible he was an old Puritan petrified at hearing, for the first time, the rousing, vibrant, glorious, victorious strain of "Bonnie Dundee." So again, from Apollo on down, whoever said it, the back o' me hand to him.

WILLIAM J. HARDING

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

WELL DONE, MRS. KERR

May I commend you for publishing the article "So You Want To Be an Actor," by Jean Kerr, in the March issue of THE SIGN. It was indeed a great pleasure to read an article which exhibited such fine wit yet practicality. Mrs. Kerr's graciousness and straightforwardness help make this article believable for the reader. . . . Throughout the article, nothing can be considered detrimental to the acting profession. In fact, the entire article conveys an atmosphere of bewilderment yet understanding.

It is articles of this caliber that I feel benefit the public. Certainly, Mrs. Kerr gave us a vivid picture of the acting profession; yet she was gracious and considerate with her last appraisal.

Congratulations, Mrs. Kerr, for a job well done!

GERAMINE GERTZ
COLLEGE OF SAINT TERESA

WINONA, MINN.

JUDAS

I just finished reading your article "Judas, the Apostle." (March) I can't help agreeing with you in saying that we are all somewhat similar to Judas each time we betray the love of Christ. . . .

I should like to congratulate you on the fine work you have done with this portrayal of Judas the Apostle. For I know that I personally benefited from it. It is amazing, I think, the tremendous amount we can learn from one who was guilty of a sin so great that it will be remembered as long as time exists.

COLLEEN RUPPERT
COLLEGE OF SAINT TERESA

WINONA, MINN.

OUR LADY

I must write and tell you how pleased I was with Father Weaver's article in the February issue of THE SIGN, "The Cross and Our Lady." I hope you will continue to give your readers more light on Our Lady's life. . . .

In other matters your magazine is excellent and very informative.

ALEX P. MACDONALD

RAILSTON, CANADA.

SIGN POST

Our family subscribed to THE SIGN just a few months ago, and we do not regret it. I think your magazine is the best Catholic publication I have ever had the pleasure of reading.

Although I enjoy all the articles each month, I wait most impatiently for "The Sign Post." I always feel secure in making the ideas stressed in this article my own, since I know they are backed by sound

Christian principles. It is especially interesting for a convert.

In short, I think you are putting out an informative, inspirational, and entertaining magazine for Catholics and all who want the truth.

MISS ROCHELLE BUTTERS
MANDAN, NORTH DAKOTA.

LOWERING THE BOOM

I have read THE SIGN for many years with great pleasure and profit. However, one of your January editorials, "Our Collapsible Economic Boom," was a heartbreaker.

The theme of this editorial is that the excessive demands of the labor unions for wage increases inspired by rivalry among union leaders are mainly responsible for the rise in prices.

No mention is made of the possibility that profiteering by already rich corporations might be part of the story. . . .

GM and Ford could have absorbed the pay increases, reduced prices, and still have made a healthy profit. . . .

One final point: If you think the demands for wage increases are just the doing of publicity-hungry labor leaders you should talk to more workers who are trying to raise man-sized Catholic families on the boy-sized wages still paid in too many American industries.

IGNATIUS W. O'CONNOR
DORCHESTER, MASS.

ROUNDUP

As the recipient of one of the gift subscriptions to THE SIGN, we want to thank you very much for choosing us to be among those so favored this year. We are very happy to be kept in touch with Catholic life in America and throughout the world through the magazine which we all enjoy so much. We have written to Miss Mary B. Scott, of Miami Shores, to thank her for making the subscription possible for us here in New Zealand.

MOTHER BARBARA O'BRIEN
LOWER HUTT, NEW ZEALAND.

Your magazine (THE SIGN) is a welcome visitor each month here. You make us think!

MRS. DON LARK
DETROIT, MICH.

In spite of my complete disagreement with the political ideas of your editor, I am renewing my subscription. . . .

SARAH A. LOWE
TALCOTTVILLE, CONN.

Permit me to commend you upon the variety of your material, the excellence of the editing, the relevance of the articles, and the care shown in the illustrations.

JAMES HARREL COBB
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
YANKTON, SO. DAK.

I was pleased to notice the increase in your circulation in spite of those subscribers who want no more of your magazine because they disagree with you! . . .

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My family and I have enjoyed and have gained a lot from the magazine. The children, all three of them too young to read, have learned never to tear or otherwise mutilate "the Catholic magazine." Time and Newsweek aren't as fortunate.

ROBERT P. LOU

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

It is the writer's opinion—and I am not alone—that THE SIGN, like some other Catholic publications, could stand a little cleaning up. Let them stick to our Catholic faith, and keep their personal, biased opinions to themselves.

MRS. J. J. O'CONNOR

GRANADA HILLS, CALIF.

SO THERE!

Never before have I written to a magazine, but your sneering reference in an editorial (February, 1957) to "a poor fellow struggling to support a wife and three children on a mere \$12,500 salary" prompts me to lay aside my breakfast dishes and ask in all fairness: "let's take a look at the record."

I envy the family whose father works in a mill here. They can rent a flat at \$30 a month—no headaches. They can have a car (which we don't). Their father can wear khakis and denim shirt, and save that good suit for Sunday. If there is sickness, and they have not. Welfare takes care of them. If the children look seedy, they have understanding and sympathy offered them. (And gifts too.) Every new drive that arises expects nothing from them—but the dollar put in at the collection in the mill. (Not the \$100 to \$500 the executive faces—look at his salary!) Every collection at Church expects (and receives) a good amount, (after all he can afford it). The executive's wife must look just that, or else—what do they do with their money?

In providing for his family in case of death, the Executive must carry a heavy insurance. He has no pension to look forward to, and no security for the future but the faith that God Almighty will continue to bless him with good health.

All this—not counting the bite put on his salary with taxes. They are such that he must think twice before accepting a larger salary with greater responsibilities but greater taxes, and then back where he started because of greater demands.

Believe me, in this day and age, the happy man is the poor man—the man with nothing. He has no position to live up to, and the State will always provide. An ugly situation but a realistic one. We want no part of such an existence, but we could stand a little understanding from the good priests and laymen who publish such an excellent magazine as yours.

In case you conclude I might be spending too much on clothes or accessories—I never miss a sale that offers the things we need, linens, towels, etc., and I buy the discarded clothes of the wealthy. They look wonderful, and I feel wonderful in them! After twenty years of marriage the furniture is "shot." I am replacing it gradually by attending every auction hereabouts. So there!

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COMPLETE
54 PIECES

GUARANTEED 65 YEARS

Any piece that has defects due to workmanship or material will be replaced within 65 years without charge.

FREE!

4-Piece
HOSTESS SERVING SET

- Cold Meat Fork
- Gravy Ladle
- Berry Spoon
- Pie Server

54 PIECES

Service for 8

- 8-1-Pc. Forged Dinner Knives
- 8-Dinner Forks
- 8-Salad Forks
- 16-TeeSpoons
- 8-Oval Soup Spoons
- 2-Serving Spoons
- 4-Piece. Hostess Set

RICH-ORNATE-PERMANENT MIRROR FINISH
WON'T RUST OR STAIN — Never Needs Polishing

NOW you can enjoy the thrill of owning the aristocrat of fine solid stainless steel tableware at amazing FACTORY-TO-YOU savings! The delicate, deeply sculptured pattern has been created for you by world famous silversmiths.

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Equipped with
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Magic Even-Heat Westinghouse Corox automatic control and easy-to-see signal light eliminate all guesswork in preparing meals deliciously, quickly and easily. Of gleaming, seamless copper lustre with shiny black enamel base... Stain proof finish wipes clean or can be rinsed under faucet. Big family size: six quart capacity... correct temperature fries foods to golden, greaseless perfection. Complete with spatter-proof see-through Oven-glass cover, fry basket, cord and plug. 1150 watts, 115 volts, AC, full guarantee.

List Price \$2995

\$6⁹⁵

includes
Copper Cooker-Fryer
French-Fry Basket
Oven-glass Cover
Free Recipe Book

Automatic

DE LUXE ELECTRIC Skillet



List Price \$2995

\$11⁹⁵

Includes
COPPERTONE COVER

Specifications

- Automatic Controlled Cooking
- GE Heating Element
- Cooking Guide on Handle Shows Right Heat to Use
- Extra Big Size—4-qt. Capacity! Copertone Cover

Completely Immersible

EQUIPPED WITH GENERAL ELECTRIC HEATING UNIT

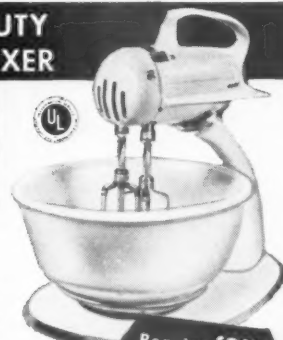
Big, beautiful electric skillet... like having a portable range—you cook and serve tempting meals right at the table (no-mar, stay-cool legs). It stews, cooks, braises, bakes, chafes and casseroles. Fries ham and eggs, makes 8 servings of chicken, braises 4-lb. roast. Automatic temperature control. Free recipe book. Made of heavy, mirror-polished cast aluminum. Special silicone-treated interior prevents sticking, makes cleaning quick, easy. Powerful 1100-watt sealed-in GE element. High-dome coppertone cover included free.

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- Head removes for use as mixer too!
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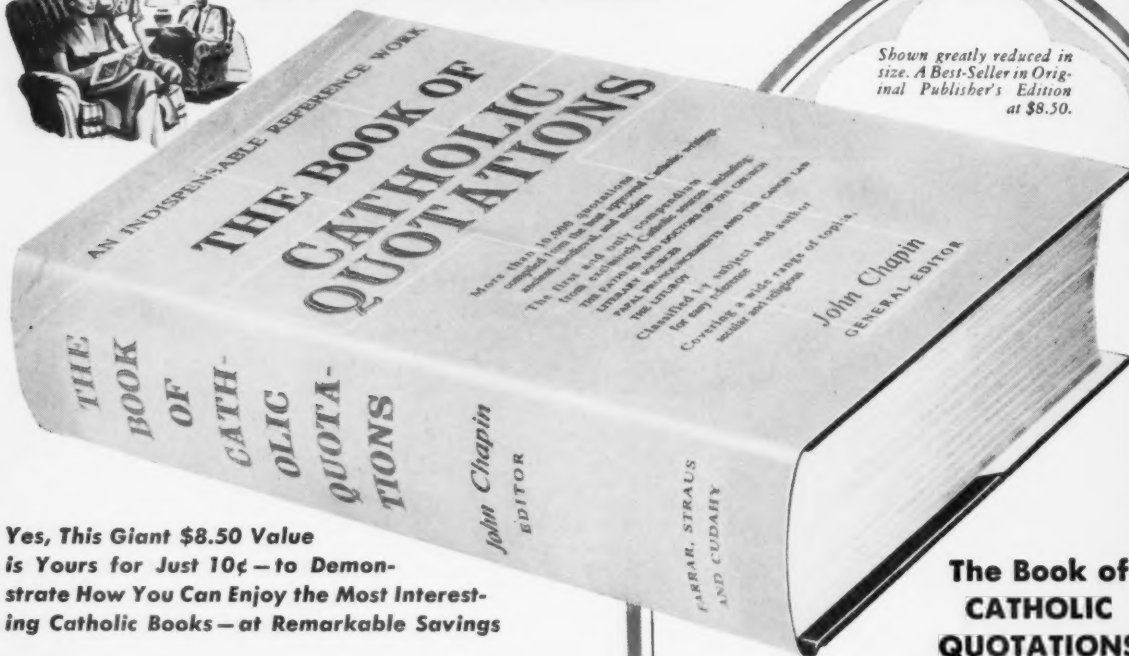
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